

THE HARVEST OF SUNSHINE

VOLUME ONE

Compiled and Edited by
GEORGE N. LUXTON

0055930 B

Ex LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTAENSIS



Spec. Coll.

BV

1535.7

L 97

Rutherford Collection

1932

NC

THE HARVEST OF SUNSHINE

VOLUME ONE

Compiled and Edited by
GEORGE N. LUXTON

Honorary Director of the Vesper Hour
and
Sunshine Hour Broadcasts



Published by
THE SUNSHINE CLUB
A Radio Fellowship
of
CFAC
(Broadcasting Station of the Daily Herald)
Calgary, Alberta.
May - 1932.

To

D. C. L.

" my due

To God Who best taught song by gift of thee."



Contents

	Page
1. In Acknowledgement	4
2. The Story of the Sunshine Hour	5
3. Messages of Good Cheer	7
4. A Garden of Sunshine Verse	21
5. A Quiet Sanctuary of Sunshine Prayers	34

ILLUSTRATIONS

1. The Honorary Director and Announcer of the Sunshine Hours	opposite 6
2. Some of our Contributors: Mrs. F. G. Paddon, Rev. T. T. Faichney, Father A. B. MacDonald, Rev. F. W. Pattison	" 9
3. Some of Our Contributors (continued): Rev. J. E. Todd, Rev. George Biddle, Rev. James McNeill	" 12
4. The Director of CFAC, the Hon. Secty. of the Sunshine Club, the Manager of the Station, Radio Engineer	" 15
5. The Organist and the Organ	" 20
6. The Youngest Member of the Club	" 27
7. Christ Church, Elbow Park, Calgary	" 34
8. Facsimile of the Membership Card	Final Page



In Acknowledgment

Were I to begin listing the names of those to whom the Sunshine Hour is indebted, we would require an overflow meeting on the next page! Yet I cannot let our first volume leave the press without at least recording our gratitude to the many friends who have made our season's work possible. I mention but a few of the men and women whose nearness to our centre of gravity allows us to draw an inner circle about them

* * *

I have mercilessly plagued Mr. O. L. Leigh-Spencer, Director of CFAC and Secretary of "The Herald", with all our "Sunshine" problems. His level-headed advice and kindly interest has never failed me. And his secretary, Miss Donnie Clay, might well have written me down as a daily nuisance. Instead, as Honorary Secretary of the Sunshine Club, she has done an immense amount of our work with a will that has been a lesson both in energy and sunshine!

* * *

A word about our musicians! Two broadcasts a week for seven months have meant large and repeated demands upon their time. And all of their work has been given without remuneration. But am I right in using that last word, as if money were the only possible remuneration? In the minds and hearts of thousands of our people their names will live as Givers of Song during heavy, uphill days. Of their number I would mention Mrs. E. G. Paddon and Mr. Ralph Johnson, both of whom have given me every co-operation—and given, by their organ music, much delight to our wide family.

Nothing too strong can be said in commendation of my "brethren of the cloth"! While others have talked of church union, or ventured toward it in limited spheres, we have achieved, in our small way, a working fellowship of the Christian Churches. That accomplishment in itself has been a tonic for many of us; but we must add to that, the excellent addresses which we have enjoyed from week to week—truly they have been "Messages of Good Cheer." I wish that in this volume we had another twenty pages, for the recording of these messages.

And, may I add, and point the remark toward clergy, musicians, and also the station staff of CFAC, that I cannot imagine finding more courteous and gracious treatment than that which I have encountered in the manifold contacts which the building of our programmes has entailed

* * *

All of which leads up to the fitting climax of this note of acknowledgement. The people who valiantly hold the front-line trench are the members of Christ Church, Calgary. After all, I could do nothing without their loyal support and understanding sympathy. From the very beginning, when in the fall of 1930 we turned a new furrow and began our first radio venture with the Vesper Hour, I have been upheld by their faith and trust and patience. Will you please include them very prominently in your appreciation, if ever you think with thanksgiving of our years of broadcasting.

G. N. LUXTON.



The Story of the Sunshine Hour

Like Topsy, the Sunshine Hour cannot claim to have had a carefully planned "bringing up." Indeed, the wonder is that this radio-child ever survived. One day it would rise full-fledged, ready for court-presentation; the next, after some needful surgery, it would again be put back in the cradle for a further term of nursing! In fact, if I must admit it, this obstreperous radio-child of mine has needed much more floor-walking than has our own sleep-at-night baby! So a father gets it one way, if he escapes it another! However, the important thing is that we reared the Sunshine Hour and can now claim for it a healthy, if somewhat ethereal existence.

Whence came the idea? In the first place, from the already established "Vesper Hour", a venture of the previous fall. While it seemed to be filling a need in our radio-land, this exclusively musical type of broadcast was too impersonal and disconnected to satisfy one who has the urge of the ministry upon him. No doubt it carried, and still carries, gifts of healing and refreshment to many. But as a vehicle of reconstructive force, music has its limitations, and to the incurably ministerial mind, holds but introductory and preparatory value. I know that such an opinion as this is sheer heresy, and for those to whom music is an end in itself, my statement places me beyond the pale of musical appreciation. Yet to me music fulfils its highest and holiest vocation when it makes straight the way of One Who comes walking along every path of Beauty.

While I was in the midst of this fumbling for something to complement our present work, I read the report of a radio address given to invalids over the B.B.C. and published in the St. Martin's Review of London. Could we not combine music with the Gifts of Religion, and present them together to the homes of the West in a composite radio programme, keeping in the forefront of our minds the shut-in and the sick, and yet reaching beyond them to the countless people who are indoors most of the day with their household duties? Such is the question I put to the Director of CFAC. He met me with encouragement, and let me loose on the problem with the assurance that the station would try to find sufficient time for such an effort.

The rest of the story is already known to many who read these words. Our experience of the Vesper Hour enabled us from the first to present the programmes in an orderly and unified fashion. And also we escaped the trying days which marked the first Vesper Hours. (Our first Vesper Hour was excellent on our side of the microphone—but on yours, as perhaps some of you remember, we presented you with scarcely anything but a symphony of buzz and static!)

Since its inception there has been surprisingly little change in the form of the Sunshine Hour. A definite and permanent sequence is, I think, greatly to be desired for this type of broadcast. It becomes more quickly an old friend, and a quiet hearing is more easily given when familiar pathways are followed. An opening organ selection, followed by "the Sunshine Corner", consisting of one or two little every-day verses (See pages 21 to 33); next, a sacred solo, leading to the Message of Good Cheer given by one of the local clergy (ten minutes), two additional organ numbers, separated by a second solo and the Sunshine Club announcements, and then two short concluding prayers (see pages 34 to 39) and a benediction.

The illustrations in this little book will enable you to construct for yourself our side of the microphone. This mysterious disc, after wandering to almost every corner of the church, finally took up its permanent place at the chancel steps, nestled in the corner of the front choir stall opposite the organ loft. Since September 21st, 1931, except for two weeks' holiday at both Christmas and Easter, we have been on the air at noonday twice weekly with but two interruptions—the earlier one when a chain broadcast intruded on our time, and the later one caused by a very happy event at Christ Church Rectory on October 2nd, 1931. Who could expect a father of one hour's duration to stand before a microphone and speak without spluttering? I didn't attempt it!

Perhaps the most unique features of the Sunshine broadcast has been the Sunshine Club, a society of Good Cheer sponsored by the Hour. During the first two months we built up the aims of the club and slowly hammered out the phrases of the membership card. A facsimile of it will be found on final page. Our problem was to discover aims light enough to be attractive and heavy enough to be useful, broad enough to make room for all communions (and for the non-church-goer as well) yet deep enough to give life a firmer, richer content. Did we succeed? In some measure, I think, and, as we give it more time and thought, we shall be able to couch the challenge in clearer, brighter words. Perhaps you can help us. The Sunshine Club is very much open to suggestion! As it is, many have testified wholeheartedly to the workableness and helpfulness of our aims, and my claim is made today with strengthened conviction that the daily pursuit of them will bring one to a happier, healthier mental attitude, and ultimately connect one with the deep reservoir of the Divine Life. Although I did not place the name of the Saviour on the card, those who know the broadcasts will testify that, in the fleeting moments of our fellowship, His Presence was made known to us in strange and telling ways. And I confess as my fondest prayer for the whole venture, that through its persistent entry into the busy lives of men and women, He Who had perhaps been called Stranger might later be held as Friend.

* * *

Letters! Letters! What a full and interesting mail-bag the Sunshine Club has had! Friendly, sympathetic, helpful ones—and, let me assure you, a few that punctured our pride and annihilated our conceit and self-esteem entirely! We make a practice never to read anonymous letters, but unfortunately we never discover that they are unsigned until we get to the end! Perhaps it's just as well. Usually I find a modicum

of useful truth mixed up with the "professional kicker's" spleen. But the letters have been a joy, and as I read them and tried to imagine the person at the other end, I had, I suppose, just about as much success as you had when you tried to imagine what the announcer looked like. The only trouble is that time has revised your vision of mutton-chop whispers and portly figure, whereas I still am at the mercy of my imagination. Perhaps next year we may have a tintype album to accompany our Family Book, and then we can progress in our friendship on an even basis! As we go to press, the membership of the Sunshine Club stands at 1,263, with no less than one hundred and sixty cities and towns represented.

In the despatching of the 1,100 personal answering letters, the Honorary Secretary of the Club has given me valiant assistance. Indeed, the Sunshine Hour has been the means of giving further employment to a group of the busiest people in town. And we can double all of their salaries, so far as their "Sunshine" work is concerned, without spending a cent!

* * *

And may I add one further line, now that I have my foot in your doorway. If the spirit of our venture has appealed to you, and if, on a study of the Club aims, you would like to become one of us, working in our fellowship for a happier, healthier world, a line to us will bring you a membership card. Wherever you live, within or beyond our wave-length, you can tune in on the spirit of the Club, and within yourself generate more of that radiant grace of life which your little world, like all other big or little worlds, needs so badly.

G. N. LUXTON.

Christ Church Rectory,
Calgary, Alberta
May 1st, 1932.





Sincerely Yours
George N. Lutton

Messages of Good Cheer

	Page
1. THE DARK MILE. Rev. J. E. Todd, Minister of Central United Church, Calgary.	8
2. ENTERING INTO THE SPIRIT OF LIFE. Rev. George Biddle, Rector of St. Barnabas' Church, Calgary	8
3. THE SEVEN GOLDEN CANDLESTICKS Rev. T. T. Faichney, Minister of Wesley United Church, Calgary	10
4. WHILE THE TEMPEST IS HIGH Rev. James McNeill, Minister of Grace Presbyterian Church, Calgary	11
5. THE QUIET THINGS OF LIFE. Father A. B. MacDonald, St. Mary's Cathedral, Calgary	12
6. BE OF GOOD CHEER Rev. F. W. Pattison, Minister of First Baptist Church, Calgary	13
7. MAKING THE BEST OF IT Rev. J. E. Todd, Minister of Central United Church, Calgary	14
8. A GROUP OF ADDRESSES given by the Hon. Director of Sunshine Hour Rev. George N. Luxton, Rector of Christ Church, Calgary Home-Made Crosses, An Experiment of Joy, Our Church, The Thirsty Pump, the Thread of Gold, The New Leaf	15

INTRODUCTION

A word of explanation before you begin to read the messages that follow. I wish we had a large book devoted to this one field of our Sunshine harvest. All the messages carried cheer and helpfulness, and are worthy of a place in this section. As it is, I have chosen representative ones and begged them for our book. They appear in an abridged form, and retain for the most part their conversational tone. I have claimed a large portion of the space for my own homely talks, chiefly because each one of them was born in the toils of the Sunshine Hour, beaten out in the very midst of the broadcast, and, for that reason perhaps, they carry somewhat of an interpretation of its aims. As the setting forth of these aims is the prime object of this little book, I have allowed them to elbow out other messages far weightier and worthier of printer's ink.

The Dark Mile

By the REV. J. E. TODD

Dr John Hutton, the great English preacher, tells of an incident which took place in Scotland, where he was holidaying with an American friend. There was a place near the Inn where they were stopping which was called "The Dark Mile." The two men agreed that some day they would visit the place, only there always seemed to be something interfering with their going, till at last they accused themselves of being afraid. Then, of course, they decided to go immediately. On the way they had delightful conversation with each other, and at one spot where the high walls drew in close together, they surprised a lark at their feet, which flew up into the sky, and as he flew he sang. They followed on, at times listening to the lark, at times talking, when suddenly they came upon their friends in camp, and their journey was over. Sitting around the camp-fire, Hutton's friend, who was going over a map, looked up and said "Do you know, Hutton, that was the Dark Mile where the lark sang us through?"

To me that is a Parable on Life, and I want you, who are finding the going difficult—it may be you are going through your Dark Mile—I want you to listen for the lark's song, as well as the cheery voice of the Great Companion, who is always with us, especially in the Dark Mile

* * *

There is a little word of five letters that is much misunderstood. Faith is the word. Sometime or another Life will come at you and will seize upon you, and shake you as a terrier shakes a rat, unless you have that quality of life in you which enables you to dominate the situation. That is what Faith does for one. Stanley Jones has a striking phrase in one of his books. He speaks of "evangelising the inevitable." Well, that is what Faith enables a man to do. Here we are, many of us victims of things over which we have no control, sickness comes, bereavement, business—what are you doing about these inevitable things? Are you allowing

them to embitter you? Turn you into a cynic? Well, that is what happens unless you accept the inevitable in the right way. I know one who ran away from the inevitable—kept running for over ten years; but today she is crushed and disillusioned. No, that is not the way.

I tell you the world is rich with messages which have come from those who have conquered the Inevitable. There was John Milton writing some of his best after blindness came upon him. There was Beethoven making sweet music for others after he became so deaf he could no longer hear his own compositions, and then, I think always of Helen Keller, born deaf, dumb and blind, who rarely thinks of her limitations, never complains, and finds life intensely interesting. So what we do with our Dark Mile depends very largely upon ourselves. I notice that rain and sun affect soils differently. The rain falls on some soil, and the sun shines on it, and it becomes sweet and mellow, ready to grow a rich harvest. The same rain and sun causes other soil to become hard, baked and unlovely. So I say to you, what Life's Dark Mile does to you depends on what kind of soil is in your soul.

* * *

So let us remember that some of the sweetest music, the most heartening messages have come to the world from those who were going through desperately hard and difficult times. Of course they had discovered that it was not all dark, for right in the midst of it, lo! a lark sprang up at their feet, and as he soared he sang, and his song seemed to be challenging them, urging them on and on. And then, too, they had the Great Companion ever at their side, beguiling the time away with sweet and delightful communion.

Have you in your Dark Mile heard the lark singing?

Have you in your Dark Mile discovered the Great Companion?

Entering Into the Spirit of Life

By the REV. GEORGE BIDDLE

There is an old fable called "The Devil's Wedge", which tells that once upon a time Satan announced that he has going to retire from business and would sell his tools at public auction. On the evening before the sale many came to see what he had to sell. The chief tools were malice, envy, hatred, jealousy, sensuality, vanity, deceit, and in one niche lay a wedged-shaped instrument marked at a higher price than any of the rest. One asked the Devil the reason of the exorbitant price, and he answered, "That is Discouragement, the most useful weapon in all my aggregation of tools. I can pry open and get inside a man's conscience with discouragement when nothing else avails me."

The Devil still owns that tool and uses it daily. But there is nothing for us in discouragement. We weren't made for it. Rather, we were made for happiness and success, and if we are discouraged we can be neither happy nor successful.

Judge Troward in one of his books has a chapter on "Entering into the spirit of it." He says "We talk quite freely of entering into the spirit of an undertaking, into the spirit of a movement; into the spirit of an author, even into the spirit of a game. And we know that a game without a spirit is a pretty poor affair; an association without a spirit falls to pieces; and a spiritless undertaking is doomed to failure. On the other hand, we know very well that the book which is meaningless to the unsympathizing reader is full of life and suggestion to the one who enters into the spirit of the writer." "Entering into the Spirit!" The words are well chosen because they show our intuitive, although perhaps unconscious, acceptance of Spirit as the fundamental reality in everything. Let us only be right about the spirit of a thing and everything else will successfully follow

* * *

Now what actually happens when we enter into the spirit of a thing? "Just this," says Judge Troward. "There is set up a vivifying action and reaction between the thing and ourselves." May I put it this way? There is an old adage which says: "He makes the best Bank President who takes the bank to bed with him." In other words, he puts his whole life-energy into it, and it gives back to him a living interest, and this living interest we call "The spirit of the thing." The fact of the whole matter is that the more we enter into the spirit of all with which we have to do, the more thoroughly do we become alive; and the more thoroughly we become

alive the easier will become the job of living. If your bank manager cannot catch the spirit of his business, the thing for him is dead and he's a failure. If your housewife cannot catch the spirit of the home, then she is weary and heartsick of it all. If your churchman cannot catch the Living Spirit of his Church, then for him the Church is a failure, and he is deaf to the call to fellowship and service.

But how catch the spirit? Well, if we make up our minds that we will never allow ourselves to become discouraged; that, no matter how low the vitality is, no matter how sick the body or the soul, we are going to put all the spirit we've got into the very next thing we do, what do we find? Truly we find that the very things we hate are ready and eager to give back to us a living interest, which makes life really worth while. We find, too, that those long monotonous hours spent on beds of loneliness and pain become jewels of priceless worth to the character of man, because at a long last we have entered into the spirit of them, using them instead of reviling them, and they have given themselves back to us, rich in blessings. And we find that since we've caught the spirit of the kitchen and the cleaning, everything is happier and brighter, so easy, and so well worth while

* * *

In conclusion I want to strike a higher note, namely, that the Radiant Energy of God's Holy Spirit is filling all things and to consciously enter into the Power of the Holy Spirit is the Highest Best. For in God we live and move and have our being and it is our Heavenly Father's desire to live and move and manifest His Glory in us. I know of no better way of entering into the Spirit of Life, and Life more abundant, which can dislodge all doubt and discouragement and unhappiness, and which in turn will revitalize us with a new and living interest, than the way of Charlotte Elliott. In the depths of her discouragement she went to her minister asking for enlightenment. To her question he replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." She went away utterly despairing, believing her minister was merely chanting a common platitude of the day. But alone in her room that night she unconsciously entered into the spirit of her pastor's words, and then the light came in all its wonderful reality. We have the result in that inspired hymn, "Just as I am without one plea," which I submit to you as a prayer. Enter into the spirit of it.



MRS. E. G. PADDON
An original organist of the Sunshine
Broadcasts.



THE REV. F. W. PATTISON
Pastor of First Baptist Church,
Calgary.



THE REV. T. T. FAICHNEY
Minister of Wesley United Church,
Calgary.



FATHER A. B. MacDONALD
St. Mary's Cathedral, Calgary.

The Seven Golden Candle-Sticks (Rev. 1: 12-20)

By the REV. THOMAS T. FAICHNEY

In the Apocalypse of Saint John we have one of the most reassuring messages in all Scripture—a message which probably has been obscured because of the symbolism in which it is clothed.

The Seven Golden Candlesticks represent the Church of God as it actually was. We find the Church of that day very similar to the Church, and to the individuals in the Church, today. They were obsessed with the magnitude of their task. To them, as so often to us, it was "Our Task!" They had somehow forgotten the Great Contemporary!

Before a major engagement in the dark days of March, 1918, Earl Haig, as was his custom, went to Church. As he was leaving after the service, the Padre said to him, "Sir, how is it going to go?" The reply of Haig was, "Did you not read this morning, 'The battle is not yours, but the Lord's!'"

* * *

The Church at the end of the first century was carrying a heavy load. So much seemed to depend on them: The advance of the Kingdom was so slow. They wondered at times how it was all going to end! It was then John had the unveiling! While they saw the Church, the weak instrument so very imperfectly fulfilling God's purpose, John saw "One in the Midst of the Church"—a kingly figure with girdle and robe, the marks of dignity, with all power and authority not only on earth but over death. He holds the keys—"He is Lord of all, and in his right hand are the stars of the Churches"—the ideal Church, wholly subject to His power!

It was simply the old message of the Risen Christ in a new form "All power is given unto me—I am with you always" (Matt. 28-29). God is His goodness was simply trying to remind those careworn, spiritually blind Christians that they were not alone, and the promise still held true.

You will remember the incident in the Gospel where Christ came walking on the water to His disciples; and the impulsive Peter cried, "Lord, bid me come to Thee on the waters." Christ said, "Come." But Peter, as he went, got his eyes on the waves and becoming fearful began to sink. Then lifting his eyes to the Lord he cried, "Lord, save me!" And he walked with his Lord. It was surely the direction of the eyes that counted with Peter—and with us.

It's always that way. In the twenty-third Psalm, David says. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for Thou art with me."

We all have our valley of one kind or another. But what makes all the difference is, whether, in the valley, we see only the valley or the Lord!

God never leaves any of us bereft. The God who gives the day will provide for the day's needs. In the wilderness, the Children of Israel all those forty years gathered the manna daily. There was always just enough for the day, no more and no less "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be," is still the promise with which we can start each day.

* * *

The following story was told me by a friend just back from the Southern States where he heard one of the parties concerned tell it. Three men, who had gone through college together, had continued a very close friendship after they graduated—one became a College Principal, one a Clergyman, and one a Business Man. One morning the clergyman picked up his morning paper and was horrified to read of the tragic death of the daughter of his friend the principal in an air crash. The mother had died when this girl was born, and he knew just what a love his friend had for his daughter. Almost afraid of the effect this would have on his friend, he picked up the telephone, called long distance to the principal's office, and a voice said, "Yes, come over, Bill, and bring Tom with you." Hurriedly he got his business friend and together they took the train. Coming to the campus, then up to the principal's office, they wondered just what they could say to help their friend in his awful grief. Then, going in to him, they stood silent for a moment. Then he spoke, "I know, boys, what you're thinking and what you'll say. Will the thing I've preached and I've believed help me now? Tom," he said, pulling his friend towards him, "am I scorched?" Bill," he continued, taking Bill's hand and placing it on his head, "is it wet?" Thank God, fellows, the promise is true."

"When thou passest thro' the waters
I will be with thee,
And through the rivers,
They shall not overflow thee;
When thou walkest through the fire
Thou shalt not be burned,
Neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

"Thank God, fellows, the promise is true!"

We see the Seven Golden Candlesticks. We cannot but be conscious of life's problems and trials and sorrows, aye, and sins! But, my friends, may God give us eye to see, "Walking in the midst of the Golden Candlesticks One like unto the Son of Man!"

"While the Tempest Still Is High"

By the REV. JAMES McNEILL

Matthew VIII, 26 "And He said unto them, why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then He arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm."

Jesus was asleep in the ship. While He slept, a sudden storm swept down upon the lake. The ship was covered with the waves, and seemed to be in grave danger of foundering. The disciples, although they were experienced sailors, lost their heads and became panic-stricken. They roused Jesus out of His sleep with such cries as these: "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" "Lord, save us, we perish." Jesus arose. He turned to His disciples first, and said: "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" Then He rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm.

* * *

Notice first, that although Christ was with them in the ship, they were caught in a nerve-racking storm.

This is true to life as we know it. Many Christian people think that because they have committed themselves to the keeping of Jesus, their lives should therefore be free from disturbances and storms. Jesus never made such a promise. "In this world, ye shall have tribulation," He said. But He added, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Usually there are long stretches in life when one day is very much like another, and nothing happens to disturb the serenity and peace and joy of living. How easy it is to believe that Jesus is with us then! But a day comes when this happy condition is broken, when sorrows and perplexities and anxieties roll over the soul like great destructive waves. Under such circumstances, can we still believe in Jesus, can we still hold on to Him? This is one of the severest tests of our faith. Happy are they whose confidence in Jesus remains unshaken in the hour of the nerve-racking storm.

* * *

Notice second, that the disciples upbraided Jesus when the storm was raging. "Lord, carest not Thou that we perish?"

They almost went as far as to blame Jesus for the prevailing conditions of adversity. They certainly accused Him of indifference. They practically told Him that He did not care. They lost faith, and therein lay their greatest danger. But how human it all is! Multitudes, caught in one of life's dreadful storms, have cried out against God. Adverse circumstances have embittered many a soul. Struggling and straining against the waves, they have lost heart and hope. They can see nothing in the horizon but distress and despair and defeat. What has happened to them? Just this, they have allowed the storm to become the one supreme fact of their existence; they have put the whole emphasis on their distress; the fact of the quiet presence of God has become an irritant, instead of a blessing—and they jump to the rash conclusion that He does not care. What a difference it would have made to the disciples if, instead of concentrating on the storm, they had taken heart and courage from the calm, peaceful Jesus, Who was with them in the storm.

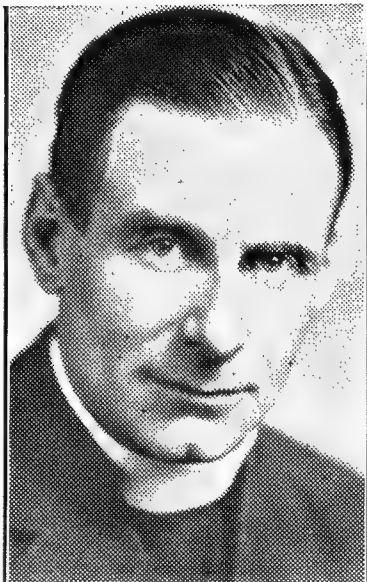
* * *

Notice third, that while we may expect our share of tribulation in this world, Christ's presence with us is a guarantee of ultimate deliverance.

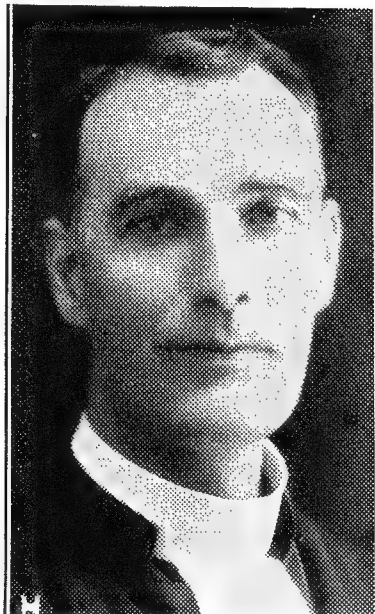
Jesus did not say to His disciples, "Let us go to the middle of the lake, and be drowned." Rather did He say, "Let us go to the other side." "The other side" was our Lord's objective, but He did not guarantee that they would have smooth sailing all the way. Nor does He guarantee that we shall have smooth sailing all the way; but He does guarantee that, with Him in the boat, we shall ultimately reach our objective. "And when He was come to the other side," He got there, and those who were with Him got there. Surely this thought is worthy of our laying it to heart, especially at such times "When the Tempest Still is High." Surely we can trust our destiny to Him by whom the very hairs of our heads are numbered. God's children are safe. Their mission must be accomplished.



THE REV. J. E. TODD
Minister of Central United Church,
Calgary.



THE REV. GEORGE BIDDLE
Rector of St. Barnabas' Church,
Calgary.



THE REV. JAMES McNEILL
Minister of Grace Presbyterian
Church, Calgary.

The Quiet Things of Life

By FATHER A. B. MacDONALD

Life can and should be a very simple and a very beautiful entity. We pass this way but once and, naturally, our first thought should concern itself with making the journey as useful and pleasant as possible—where there is no second chance carelessness can have no place. The equipment for Life's journey need not be cumbersome; some few essentials there are, however. One needs, and needs badly, some moral standard to guide our actions, some knowledge of the difference between right and wrong, some understanding of the great fact that I must grant my neighbour everything claimed for myself. Next in order must come some form of good relations with family or friends, some pleasurable kind of home life. To these two must be added some form of activity which may bring us our daily bread and so justify our existence—that daily bread should be the fruit of labour and one must remember that the white collar may bring sweat to the brow as readily as the pick or the shovel. The fourth article of our equipment should be a package of leisure on whose proper use will depend much of our happiness and usefulness in life.

* * *

Thomas Gray had a special affection for those who lived so far from "the maddening crowd's ignoble strife" that "their sober wishes never learned to stray," and he added

"Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way"

The "noiseless tenor" of our way has been too often exchanged for the noisy tremor that knows so little about real leisure. To too many of us, the words leisure and movement seem to have identical meanings, we think we are enjoying leisure only when going somewhere in a hurry or doing something that demands exertion.

There is much of pleasure in the more quiet things of our surroundings. Nature's ways are so noiseless that earthquakes and cyclones are marked and feared. The man

or woman who loves flowers and grows them for the rich pleasure of watching the myriad colours come forth from the rich sources of the same soil and sun and air must have a deeper conviction of the defects of our most advanced courses in chemistry. The happy beings who love birds and watch the comings and goings of these light-hearted friends must sometimes find people strange and haphazard creatures—they must sometimes wonder what the birds think of ourselves. The child who owns and loves a mongrel dog or has learned to know the friendship of a pet crow, may later on become the man or woman who loves the ever-changing glories of the clouds and the everlasting beauty of sunrises and sunsets. It's the quiet things of life that give each one of us a little world of beauty in which we may potter around to our heart's content each day of life. In your own home, in your own room you can be your own self, a king in, perhaps, a very small and modest kingdom, where your individual mind is truly monarch of all it surveys and where peace is independent of such out-of-the-way places as Locarno and Geneva.

* * *

My own little kingdom extends from Ur of the Chaldees to the world of 1932, when the pessimists seem to thrive mightily. They are having their day and deserve the honour, for they have been rightly defined as men who deserve nothing and "grumble because they get it." It seems to me that this old world is constantly growing better. There is less of real hardship, less cruelty, less suffering. There is more kindness, more friendship and more true happiness. That means or, at least, suggests that there are more men and women who love the quiet things of life, that there is more leisure and more time to appreciate the great beauty and the very quiet usefulness of life. "And jocund day stood tip-toe on the misty mountain top," and will be there tomorrow morning if you be there to watch the coming of another bright and beautiful day.

"Be of Good Cheer Thy Sins are Forgiven." - Matthew 9:2.

By the REV. F. W. PATTISON

Cheerfulness is magnetic. "Bring So and So with you," wrote Burne-Jones to a friend, "he is so radiant he brightens the whole world for me." And Stevenson pays tribute to the winsomeness of good cheer in his words: "A cheerful man is better than a five-pound note. His coming is like the lighting of another candle."

Good cheer should be a universal characteristic of the Christian. The Master spoke such words as these: "Rejoice and be exceedingly glad." "These things have I spoken unto you that My joy may be in you, and that your joy may be made full." "The Gospel of the Kingdom"—gospel means good news, and good news calls for good cheer. One day Jesus saw a man sick in body and soul, and said, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven."

* * *

This was a new power claimed by the Son of Man. Jesus was far-sighted. The people saw a paralyzed man. Christ also observed the creeping paralysis. His great heart always responded to every evidence of physical suffering. But Jesus saw more. By His spiritual insight He sensed things unknown to others. That man, paralyzed of body, sinful of heart, faced the Great Physician. Jesus saw what was the matter.

Jesus was thorough. He refused to ignore reality. He did not say to the man that there were no such things as disease or sin. Our Lord refused to put His reason to sleep

with suggestions contrary to the facts of life. He saw life whole. The great thing is to face life as it is with a power that is stronger than evil. Jesus, in love, forgave his sin.—"Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven."

Then Jesus encouraged good cheer. His appeal was joined to reason. This saying of the Master was no magic formula, no "gay phrase" only needing to be spoken, for cheerfulness to come and stay. Christ always united His appeal to be cheerful with a reason for it. To this man He said, "Be of good cheer." Why? "Thy sins are forgiven thee." To the woman with the issue of the blood He said, "Be of good cheer." Why? "Thy faith hath made thee whole." To the frightened disciples on the sea He said, "Be of good cheer." Why? "It is I, be not afraid." To timid disciples as they confronted the task of meeting the world He said, "Be of good cheer." Why? "I have overcome the world."

* * *

As we face ourselves as sinners before a holy and knowing God, as we believe that Christ has the power to forgive our sins as we trust Him with them—"Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world"—we find cheer and peace and power for right life. Many have had this experience. It is gloriously true. Doddridge sang of the cheerful experience of an host in his lines

"O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."



Making the Best of It

By the REV. J. E. TODD

I remember hearing the story when I was a lad of a group of twelve men who were sent to spy out a certain country and to bring back a result of their findings. In due time they return. First of all they are agreed that the land is a very fine one, so rich indeed that they speak of it as a land flowing with milk and honey. But there agreement ceases, for ten out of the twelve assert that it is quite impossible to ever think that they might possess the land, as it is thickly populated with a race of people spoken of as giants, before whom these people appeared as grasshoppers. The other two, however, stoutly maintain that while there are great difficulties in the way, yet these are not insurmountable. They could go right up and take possession of the land. The people accepted the majority report, refused to go, and as a result wandered in the wilderness for 40 years. Did they do the right thing?

Two men took a drive across the prairie on a beautiful day. Said one "Isn't this a wonderful country? Such broad horizons, such sunshine, such atmosphere." Said the other "You can have it all—I never saw such a God-forsaken place! The wind, the dust, the heat, and did you ever see such mosquitoes?" Two different opinions, but which was right?

* * *

There would seem to be two ways of looking at everything. One way gets the best out of it; the other way gets the worst out of it. They do say that if an angel came down amongst us, he would not escape criticism, and I guess that is true. But the point is, would you choose the best in him or the worst? For no doubt there is an atmosphere abroad today which does not hesitate to stand in judgment on the finest, the highest and the best. There was a time when the king could do no wrong; the school master and the minister were above criticism.

But now king, teacher and minister alike must watch their step. And all things considered, it is better so, for no great harm can come to the honest seeker after truth.

Let us remember that while we live in this day of criticism it is left to each to say whether he shall find the best or the worst in life. When faced with difficulties they may loom large as giants so that before them you seem as grasshoppers; but let us beware, for as one good man remarks, "If you begin thinking of yourself as a grasshopper, it won't be long until you are acting as a grasshopper." Or you can accept your difficulties all as a part of the day's programme; and I assure you, with all the authority of many years' experience, that most of those dark, threatening clouds of life which now you so much dread, are big with mercy and shall break in blessings on your head.

* * *

Let me suggest that we accept what we have and make the best of it. Your team of horses aren't all they might be; they have their faults, true enough! but mere man that you are, you go ahead using them and making the best of them. We don't all drive Packards, no, but we make the best of what we have. Most of our jobs have something wrong with them, but we thank God for a job of any kind, these days, and are glad to make the best of it. For as a fact there is no perfect horse, no perfect factory, or school teacher, or preacher, and if you know your horse-nature and man-nature at all, you know more is gotten out of both horse and man by praising than scolding.

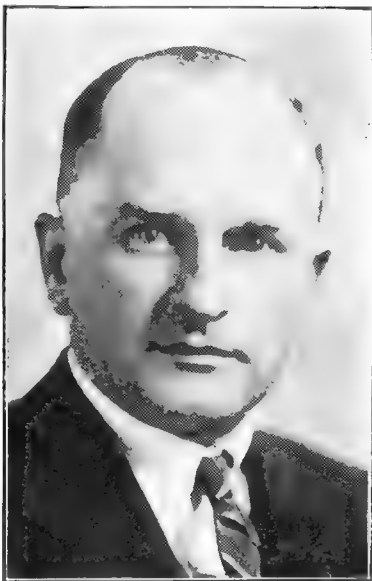
And so if you have a way of looking for the worst and not the best in life; if you see nothing but giants of difficulty in your path, then remember, for you there can be no glorious entry into your Promised Land. You will not only wander in the wilderness for forty years, but for a whole lifetime.



MR. O. L. LEIGH-SPENCER
 Director of CFAC and Secretary of the Calgary Herald. Mr. Spencer gave the broadcasts their name and has been the chief consultant in all their problems from the beginning.



MISS DONNIE CLAY
 Hon. Secretary of the Sunshine Club, who has given much time and care to the work entailed in this publication.



MR. FRED CARLETON
 Station manager of CFAC, who has given the broadcasts his friendly co-operation on all occasions.



MR. M. V. CHESNUT
 Radio engineer of CFAC, whose hands have been on the controls for most of our broadcasts.

Home-Made Crosses

By the REV. GEORGE N. LUXTON

"Carrying a cross," a familiar saying, isn't it? Sometimes we apply it to ourselves, sometimes to others. How many, many people go through life carrying one, each of us could name a score at least, some bearing a cross that is not their own, others bearing ones we cannot begin to explain. And still others bear crosses which give the title to this little address—"Home-Made Crosses."

If your shoulders are pressed by a cross, will you look carefully at its trademark and enquire into its place of manufacture? I'm guessing that at least half of our crosses are home-made, the products of our own little workshops. The Roman soldiers had nothing to do with their manufacture, nor were they made by friends or relatives. We made them, and still make them, ourselves. We alone, with God's grace, can unmake them and throw them on the rubbish heap where they belong. Then, perhaps, we can give a strong shoulder to one of life's great crosses.

Home-made crosses! Take, for instance that cross, so often self-made, Unhappiness. Life becomes clouded and the joy of living is lost, eyes that sparkled take on a dead expression, the light of life seems to go out. And we're apt to pity ourselves and cry out, "Why, O God, have You made my cross so heavy?"

Yet if we looked at it closely we would see our own trademark, rather than God's. God meant each one of us to be happy. Our faces He planned for smiles, and our eyes for twinkles. These last few months I've been watching a baby's face take to smiling—so naturally—God's plan!

God put a heart of happiness in your breast at the time when He placed the force of healing in your body. But then we break into His plan with our wilful ways. Into our happy lives we call the little demons of discontent and self-pity, envy and bitterness, and their ugly little associates, and before

we know it, they have us working at a mock cross. Next, they place it on our shoulders, and off we go, growling and grunting—and blaming God for it!

* * *

No, the people who bear the genuine crosses of life are not the unhappy people. Mostly they tread the uphill path with a smile. The unhappy people are the ones who bear the home-made crosses; spoilt, grown up children who must have everything they lay eyes on, disgruntled adults who are bored with life through self-indulgence and over-feeding, hypercritical people with mental astigmatism and spiritual sclerosis, and other groups, wide enough to include each one of us, and the petty, imitation crosses we often carry.

Another significant fact about these home-made crosses is that we can build them of a few slivers! Someone said to a newly-married, "Be careful of the little meannesses, and the big ones will look after themselves!" Haven't you verified his advice? More "tempests in teapots" than big storms are spoiling life. Somehow we stick together wonderfully when a crisis arrives. Our best comes to the surface, and we find a way through. But the little, mean, nasty things which lurk about our lives can do more harm than the giant who comes at us with a warning roar. The little cinder in the eye wins the battle every time. Before we know it, the slivers have grown to a cross, and our shoulders are heavily-laden.

Good Friday is quickly approaching. Again a regal Figure crosses the world's stage and bears a cross towards Calvary. In the perspective of His Cross, will you examine your own, carefully and honestly. If they are "home-made", shed them at once; your shoulders were not made for such trash. If, perchance, they are like His, "Be of good cheer". His Strength shall be your strength, His Shoulder will take the heavier share.

An Experiment of Joy

"Ah, my weaver friend, thou didst not sing the day thou wovest this one . . . look, how coarse it feels." So a son of India reports the conversation of a countryman who is selecting a chudder at a native bazaar. And the observation, we are assured, is not a pious imagining. It springs from an actual fact. The day a chudder-weaver sings at his toil, he makes a perfect shawl. The day that song does not quicken in his throat, the product of his loom becomes coarse and lifeless. Somehow or other the song weaves itself into the warp on the frame; it quickens the fingers and lightens the touch and sharpens the eyes of the weaver.

* * *

A fact limited in its application to India and chudders? No! You and I stand shoulder to shoulder with the weavers of India; we are of one world-wide craft. A wife relays to me a message from a husband who thanks the Sunshine Hour for its noon-tide gift to his wife; he always finds her on his return home on our broadcast days (the message runs) in such good humour! I wonder if I was wrong in reading between the lines, that lunch was better planned and more appetizing that day? Keeping in mind the usual saying about the channel to a man's heart, perhaps the inference is not too hazardous! At any rate, a song lingered in her mind, and the fabric of that noon-hour became glowing and radiant with its power.

That's what song does to all life. It takes something that's dead and coarse, and sets it to brave notes. The task becomes easier, the hour becomes happier, the sun begins to shine; and best of all, if the song be true, the work is the better for it. An intangible something is added to it that makes the difference between mediocrity and fineness. I needn't press the point. How often you have noticed this very factor at work in your own life. The day that you "got out the wrong side of the bed," you seemed to accomplish very little, and that little poorly. Probably you blamed your tools, or the weather, or someone else, but down in your

heart you knew the truth, that ill-tempered hands are clumsy, that bad-humoured minds are stupid, and that "touchy" hours reap their harvest of mistakes and fumbles and tears!

* * *

Why does it happen? No one knows. Many guess bravely and speak dogmatically, but they cover but a small portion of the circle. We are such sensitive folk that an almost unnoticed jar will set us on edge. Then life presents to us a very definite challenge. Are you going to surrender to your ill-temper, or conquer it? Is it going to ride you, or are you going to climb into the saddle yourself? Well, if you're serious in your desire to mount, it's worth giving a few minutes to the task. Stop what you're doing, you'll easily catch up later on! Declare an interval of peace. Sit down quietly and alone. Take stock of yourself. Run to earth, if you can, the reason for the "grouch." Chase it out into the open. It can't stand the daylight and the sunshine and will soon disappear in a wind-scattered mist. If you can't find the reason for your discordant spirit, perhaps (dare I suggest it?) there isn't one! There's a mean pervasiveness in most of us capable of generating its own poison—if we let it.

That much accomplished, begin the more constructive half of the cure. Count your many blessings! Draw a line under your life and add up all the lovely things which are yours. Dwell on them—home, partner, friends, health, food, sunshine—on and on, an unending problem in arithmetic. Then, when you are saturated with the thought of them, when your heart's aglow with the joy of them, then, quite naturally, open your soul to the song of thanksgiving already pleading for entrance. Why, you won't recognize the person walking in your shoes. There will be a smile playing about your lips and a twinkle in your eyes. Even though your singing, like mine, is best if it's inaudible, still your whole life will be flooded with ecstasy and harmony. And the task you found so heavy, it does itself under your hands. An experiment of joy. Try it!

G. N. L.

The Thirsty Pump

I wonder if there are many listening-in today who can think back to early days spent in a village or small town. Lucky people, we were, to have had nature on our doorstep. The old swimming pool, the frozen river, the apple orchard, the meadowland, and the dashing bob-sled, rather a pleasing memory it is when placed beside the city's harsh pavements, the close movies, and the corner lots surrounded on all sides by windows—and their owners!

Perhaps, too, you fellow-villagers have bent your backs at some rustic pump. Stubborn they were, and a bit lazy—the pumps, not the backs! Yet they did noble duty, and though their waters lacked the delicate, chlorinated flavor of our tap-product, still they touched the thirsty spot of the vagrant child of nature.

As I've said, the pump was sometimes unresponsive to the early efforts of the thirsty. It, too, was thirsty, and needed a priming dipper-full. Then the valves were made tight, and up came a draught for a prince—or a barefoot boy!

* * *

People are like pumps! Not a very flattering comparison, you say. Still, it's true. Each human being is connected with a pure, sparkling reservoir underneath life's surface, buried treasure. Even that grumpy old associate of yours has one, a deep cavern filled with what the Saviour calls "Living Water." There's one in the depths of your life, too! The same Divine Source-Spring leads to you a freshet of pure, sparkling water. It's there, in all of us.

Then why do we not refresh our little worlds by our lives? First of all, we do not guard the well. We do not keep it clean and strong-walled. All manner of

foreign things are allowed within, and they pollute the stream. We are so slovenly about our inward selves. The cover of care is left open all the time, and the guard-walls are poor and infirm. Hatred, jealousy, meanness, touchiness, prejudice; in they come, and before we know it the stream at the pump-mouth is bitter and distasteful. One sample of it, and the world passes us by—a forlorn, deserted, tainted thing!

* * *

That's half the picture—the warning half—the second half is an invitation—a warming half! Many of the people we find unbearable and think quite hopeless, just need, like the village pump did, a small priming. We all need it at times. The stream of good life becomes stopped-up for one reason or another. God bless the people who share their grace with us, who help us back to the right way, or—to return to my simile—who prime our pumps! Their's is the Kingdom of Heaven.

* * *

It's a splendid vocation—this simple, homely task. May we share it together through the years. That's one reason why God gave us the inner Life-Spring, so that other parched lives should be refreshed and recreated. Apply this little thought to your own circle. Have you been doing your part? Have you been throwing hard, critical words at him—or at her—or have you been sharing your grace as a good friend in need? A searching question for all of us; it goes to the root of much of the world's unhappiness, domestic trouble, and broken hearts. Let this little querulous question land on your doorstep today, let it come in and revise some parts of your life. Such is the little parable I would leave with you, a homely trip to an old-world village, and a meditation by the village pump.

G. N. L.

Our Church

First, when I planned this address, I wrote "Your" Church, but that seemed to leave me out. So I changed it to "Our" Church. Now we're both inside! I enjoy using the word in that wide, inclusive fashion, not building walls to keep people out, but opening doors to let people in. "The Blessed Company of All Faithful People", our prayer book has it, putting the emphasis where it is needed.

In the Sunshine Hour we have tried, and I think with a large measure of success, to forget that the Body of Christ, the Family of the Faithful, is rent and torn asunder. No longer is it "a seamless robe". We have been forgetting for the moment our divisions and emphasizing the unifying spirit that flows through the life of all the churches. And as I have stood by and listened to the various ministers giving their messages of Good Cheer, my heart has been warmed by the way they have held "the unity of Spirit, in the bond of Peace". I found myself saying, "Why, I believe that! He speaks my language, his Gospel is the Gospel I am trying to preach!", and so on. The experience has strengthened in me the glad hope of a new day coming, when the Robe of Christ will once again be seamless, when we shall face the world shoulder to shoulder; first of all in a "unity of Spirit", and then, when that Spirit has overwhelmed the lesser difficulties in the way, in the steadfastness of One Kingdom on Earth, "as it is in Heaven".

* * *

But that day will not be brought nearer by each of us whittling down our present loyalties to the vanishing point. Staunch churchmen alone can generate the strength for the great adventure of the future, and I doubt whether our "batteries" are even half-charged as yet! Loyalty we need, not the mean-spirited, chip-on-the-shoulder loyalty that gauges support by heat and stone-throwing. Calling down fire from heaven upon our neighbours, the favourite occupation of the modern "Sons of Thunder", is as out of place today as it was when first He rebuked it. The Saviour does not ask our bitterness and ill-temperors for His cause. He needs and asks a loyalty of love and sacrifice and prayer—and hard work.

Take, then, into your church the right and the Christian Spirit. One fair-minded, tenacious Christian in a church can gradually transform its whole life. One sweet-tempered, sympathetic supporter can lift a minister from the depths of despair to the highlands of vision. Perhaps such a vocation awaits you. Remember, your minister is largely what you make him; your earth-bound prejudices can prevent the flight of his soul; your mean criticisms (which float in to him along strange ways!) can freeze up his warm heart, and, thank God, it works the other way as well. Your faith and trust in him and love for him can place his feet firmly on the Mount of Vision and give him a glad glimpse of the Promised Land.

* * *

I'm not laying all the blame at the doors of the people. God knows that our own doorsteps are also laden. Yet from within the ranks I can witness to the splendid type of men who are trying to shepherd the flocks, not without faults, of course, (they are recruited from the laity, not from the angelic hosts!), but yet they are men who are giving their lives sincerely to a great Cause. Unfortunately, much of their time is demanded by lesser causes, oil-pouring and temper-trimming, and refereeing bouts that recognize neither the rules of the ring nor, indeed, the referee's immunity! If the vocation of the Peacemaker and the quality of Christian Gentleness could be captured by our church members, the batteries of power which I mentioned earlier would soon be charged—and a New Day brought very near.

All this points directly to the individual—not to organizations or mass-meetings. Examine the quality of life you are giving your church. Test it by our Lord's Beatitudes, and if it is frail and weak, begin a plan of wholesome nourishment immediately. The Kingdom of God is within you—not in your church building. And yours is the great privilege of making that Kingdom a living factor in your community. To our places, then, and let us give our best strength and loyalty to the great task!

G. N. L.

NOTE. I think, out of fairness to my own congregation, I should say that the rather sharp remarks in the foregoing have been principally the result of observation rather than experience! The brighter picture of the true supporter is the one which they have taught me.

The Thread of Gold

"I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall"

So sang William Blake. Perhaps both you and he had the same introduction to this thought of life's winding thread. In the old school readers the story of Theseus used to be told, and big-eyed boys and girls of my day thrilled to its adventure. In order to appease the appetite of the fierce Minotaur, seven youths and maidens of Athens were periodically fed to the loathsome beast. Finally Theseus, the King's son, determined to join the sad party and to end for all time the monster's lust. They sailed for Crete, where the Minotaur lived in the midst of a baffling labyrinth, so constructed that whoever entered lost his way forever. However, Ariadne, the King's daughter, cast approving eyes on the young Theseus, and provided for him two implements—a sword and a ball of slender thread which he carried into the grove, unwinding it as he walked. Of course you know the result—the Minotaur and the labyrinth are both conquered, and the victorious Theseus sails for home—with the King's daughter!

Years ago I thought it but the story of a delicious adventure of the past. Today it reads, in part at least, like the pilgrimage of human life. Given a little poetic license, I think I could make it fit your life, in spite of the absence of Minotaurs and labyrinths and admiring princesses! Let's try!

* * *

Monsters? Why there are bushels of them in my life—perhaps in yours, too! Real, fire-breathing, man-eating monsters. Did you ever hear of one called "The Fear of Failure"? Most of us who are "shepherds" find him waiting for us at the church door on a Sunday night after service, ready to chase us all the way home, till we gain, by a hair's breadth, the security of the sheltering fireside.

Perhaps he has you on his visiting list, as well as us. Failure at work, failure in your married life, failure in your vocation as a Christian, failure with yourselves; a corral-full of menacing Failures and Fears, each one devouring his weight daily in faint-hearted pacifists.

But we are members of the Church Militant—not Quiescent! The sword of the Spirit is our armament, the sword of Courage and Valiant Trust, the sword of High Resolve and Tempered Will. It's yours and mine. And there isn't a monster that can face this flaming sword. A few passes with it, and they flee helter-skelter, and lose themselves in their own labyrinth. Mislead your sword? Why, put your hand to your side and you will feel its strong hilt. We lose it only as grandmother loses her "teed-up" spectacles. Once we make a direct move towards it, the hilt springs to our hand, a true blade, tempered in the Workshop of God, under the hand of the Master Craftsman Himself.

* * *

A labyrinth? What is this old world other than a perplexing, baffling labyrinth. St. Paul optimistically said, "through a glass darkly." Worse than that, it's a place of dead alleys and circuitous paths, precipitous curves and long detours—a thousand cross-roads, and not enough light to read the dim lettering on the sign-posts. Yet through it all, and beside me, thank God, there runs the Thread of Gold. Sometimes I doubt it, but whenever I stretch forth my hand appealingly I find it. Sometimes on cloudy days I lose it for a while, but a little patient seeking and I am beside it again. Other times I doubt its quality—just an unravelling bit of yarn, caught in the thicket and ending in nothing. But on and on it goes, frail perhaps, but ever holding, and when the light breaks through I see it glisten.

Lost yours? Tried to find it and can't? Go back a few steps to the place you last held it. Get down on your knees, from that position you can always see the light shining on the gold. Kneel and reach out. God knows the length of your arm. He doesn't play with you. It's there awaiting you. Your Thread of Gold that runs through life's labyrinth, ending at long last, when the shadows have lengthened, in the shining Gate of a Holy City, where we shall have no longer any need of the sun, for

"the Lamb is the light hereof."

G. N. L.

The New Leaf

Twelve days have slipped by since the clock ticked its way into the infancy of 1932. But perhaps I am not too late to speak of the great gift you have received from the Giver of all, the gift of a new year, and to suggest some ways along which all of us might well travel to a better time ahead.

I don't suppose there's a person within hearing of our broadcast who is altogether satisfied with 1931, satisfied with our own living of it. As we look back, there are many regretful incidents beside the pathway, harsh words spoken in a moment of uncontrolled temper, unkind bits of gossip passed on, mean and disagreeable acts of all kinds and colours and sizes. Oh, yes, though Barrie tells us that memories are roses for December, still, alas, most of us find quite a few thorns mixed with the blooms. But the big thing is that we do find them, and that, even now, they prick our fingers and shed our blood. Thank God we still have the grace to grieve over the ill-spent moments of last year. And if the grieving leads to a new care and caution throughout 1932, then there is sunshine breaking through the dark clouds of our regret.

* * *

A new year; clean, unspotted, direct from the hand of God! How shall we guard it? What resolutions shall we make?

Please don't make any resolutions this year! Part of our mental depression is caused by an overcrowded resolution market. Stacks of them lie piled in every person's attic, and naturally they have become rather cheap and inconsequential. And yet the need for them is as great as ever. Full elevators—yet hungry mouths!

We're all the same! In the flush of an hour's emotion, a high resolve is born. For a few short days we polish it with admiration and hold it to our hearts with the thrill of a child with a favourite doll. And then big brother World steps in—and steps all over our poor doll! The arms come off and the eyes fall out; the sawdust begins to leak; and the bloom is lost from those erstwhile ruddy cheeks. But let me hurry back to my original tack of sail and suggest some old resolutions we might well recover from the storage chamber.

* * *

Sincerity is one, an old-fashioned one; let us take it off the attic shelf and bring it down and keep it this year in the midst of our lives. A year of sincerity; meaning what we say and saying what we mean. Not a

hurtful sincerity; sometimes frankness of word is overpowered by the silence of love.

Sincerity in our prayers—Ah! there's a big item with tremendous consequences attached. To pray each word of our prayers; no prattling and rattling and getting through with it. Sincere prayer uttered in the felt Presence of the Heavenly Father, and every word of it freighted with life and hunger and love! I think that 1933 would find the Kingdom of Heaven much nearer if we took this little word "sincerity" and made it a dynamic power, pulsing through the life of 1932.

* * *

Good-temper is another old resolution worth re-conditioning for 1932! Temper is an excellent thing in its place. The man who lacks a goodly supply is dull indeed. But its worth is in proportion to the control we exercise over it. Gasoline in a car means power—when the guarded electric spark is applied to it! Gasoline in a can and a careless match—ruin! So with temper. Either power or ruin!

Temper is such precious life-force, too splendid a material to waste on nasty selfishness and childish anger—pearls thrown to swine! Keep them for the adornment, the enrichment of life. Turn your temper into the channel God made for it—brave living! Be the master and director of your power in the new year.

* * *

Another! I hardly dare suggest it. So often it has come into our lives on the invitation of an expansive and illumined moment. And then, as our ardour ebbed, the resolution hurried away like a sensitive friend who suddenly realizes that he has long over-stayed his welcome. It's simply the resolution to be a better person in the new year. Sounds dull, doesn't it, as we say it over, rather tame and lacking in dramatic glamour? But then, the best and the most heroic lives are not dramatic. And I'm sure that the best resolutions are the very plain, simple, behind-the-scenes ones. Yet when we get well into this one of betterment, we find the vista ever-broadening; there's room for every scrap of heroism and bravery and persistence we can command. Every bend in the road has an obstacle to surmount, and every hard, uphill grade has one of Heaven's V.C.'s at the end of it. God give us the grace to greet the ringing bells of 1933, better men, better women.

G. N. L.



The Organ of Christ Church, Calgary. Inset: Ralph Johnson, Organist of Christ Church and of the Sunshine Broadcasts.

A Garden of Sunshine Verse

THE GATEWAY

This is God's house—the blue sky is the ceiling;

This wood the soft, green carpet for His feet,

Those hills His stairs, down which the brooks come stealing,

With baby laughter making earth more sweet.

Sweet house of God, sweet earth so full of pleasure,

I enter at thy gates in storm or calm;

And every sunbeam is a joy and treasure,

And every cloud a solace and a balm.

—Frederick George Scott.

PATHWAYS THROUGH THE GARDEN

(The figures refer to the number beside each individual verse).

1. Along the Way of Friendship: 2-6 (inclusive).
2. Flowers of Happiness: 7-17.
3. Rules of Care for Toilers in the Garden: 18-21.
4. The Rugged, Up-hill Way: 22-35.
5. And a Few Garden Weeds: 36-40.
6. The Sanctuary in the Garden: 41-46.
7. Eternal Peace: 47-51.
8. "She . . . saw Jesus standing" in a Garden: 52-57.
9. Life's Challenge: 58-68.
10. The Home in God's Garden of Life :69.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

We used to have an old saying in Ontario, when some intricate and baffling piece of work was to be done, that it would take a "Philadelphia lawyer" to do it. I think it would taken a dozen of them to accomplish the task of acknowledging the verses which follow in this next portion of the "Harvest of Sunshine". Some few I can and do acknowledge, but the majority of them have floated in to me through many years on tides of anonymity. Names of authors have been lost; some titles have disappeared, and every vestige of their earlier associations has long since been shed. Another group has come to me from Sunshine Hour friends, many of them re-written by hand, others

yellow with age and shorn of the name of the publication, and still others bereft of everything other than their glowing selves.

If this little book should come to the hands of those whose information regarding the authors is more complete, I would be glad on their advice to make reparations in future editions. Otherwise I take for granted that our unknown benefactors will be glad to have their work carry a wider and more permanent message of help and good cheer to our Sunshine family. Our use of their gifts of poetry is non-commercial, the book being published at cost, so that I may venture to take for granted their willingness to be one of us.

G N L

1 RADIO PRAYER

(By Lexie Dean Robertson)

DEAR LORD

Let all the words
Speeding so swiftly through the air
Be clear as light, and let each bear
Silvery joy, such as the rare
Sweet notes of birds
Accord

WILT THOU

Let music find
The shadows that are dark with pain
And tears; let some soft lyric strain
Bring cheer and sunlight there again;
Let peace, a mind
Endow

I PRAY

That to the soul
Discouraged with long tasks undone,
Bright, gallant words may swiftly run,
Stirring his heart to valor, so that none
Shall miss his goal
Today.

2 THOSE WE LOVE

They say the world is round and yet
I often think it square,
So many little hurts we get
From corners here and there,
But there's one truth in life I've found
While journeying East and West,
The people whom we really wound
Are those we love the best
We flatter those we scarcely know,
We please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
To those we love the best

3 FRIENDSHIP STREET

(Agnes I Astion Hill, Calgary)

Down Friendship Street
There is a store,
Where one may find
Bargains galore

The smallest coin
Of kindness,
May buy a load
Of happiness.

One little hour
Of thought and care
May be exchanged
For Friendship rare

Such lovely things
Are bought and sold,
Go purchase these
With Love's bright gold

Hurry today—
For time is fleet;
It's bargain day
On Friendship Street

4 THE HUMAN TOUCH

The touch of human hands,
That is the boon we ask;
For groping day by day,
Along the stony way,
We need the comrade heart
That understands,
And the warmth, the living warmth
Of human hands

The touch of human hands,
Not vain, unthinking words,
Nor that cold charity
Which shuns our misery;
We seek a loyal friend
Who understands,
And the warmth, the pulsing warmth
Of human hands.

The touch of human hands,
Such care as was in Him
Who walked in Galilee
Beside the silver sea;
We need a patient guide
Who understands,
And the warmth, the loving warmth
Of human hands

5 OTHER WINDOWS

I live by light in other people's windows,
The ruddy hearthfire and the golden lamp
Make me forget my home is lost in shadows
And foul with smoke and damp

They do not know who set the pine-knots
burning,
Or flood their room with rose or yellow
light,
What cheer they kindle for a wistful spirit
That else must grope in night.

The stars are far too high to be companions,
My candle's flame is but a waving spark,
I light my light at other people's windows,
Because my house is dark.

6 FRIENDSHIP

"If you walk as a friend you will find a
friend wherever you chose to fare;
If you go with mirth to a far strange land
you will find that mirth is there;
For the strangest part of this queer old
world is that like will join with like,
And who walks with love for his fellow-man
an answering love will strike

If you walk in honor then honest men will
meet you along the way;

But if you are false you will find men false
 wherever you chance to stray
 For good breeds good and bad breeds bad,
 we are met by the traits we show;
 Love will find a friend at the stranger's door
 where hate will find a foe.

For each of us builds the world he knows
 which only himself can spoil;
 And an hour of hate or an hour of shame
 can ruin a life of toil;
 And though to the utmost ends of the earth
 your duty may bid you fare,
 If you go with truth and a friendly heart you
 will find friends waiting there."

7 THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

If I have faltered more or less
 In my great task of happiness;
 If I have moved among my race
 And shown no shining morning face;
 If beams from happy human eyes
 Have moved me not; if morning skies,
 Books and my food and summer rain
 Knocked on my sullen heart in vain —

Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
 And stab my spirit broad awake
 —Robert Louis Stevenson

8 THE STARTING-POINT

If you want to be happy, begin where you
 are.
 Don't wait for some rapture that's future
 and far.
 Begin to be joyous, begin to be glad,
 And soon you'll forget that you ever were
 sad.

If you want to be happy, begin where you
 are.
 Your windows to sunlight and sweetness
 unbar;
 If dark seems the day, light a candle of
 cheer,
 Till its steady flame brightens each heart
 that comes near.

If you want to be happy, begin where you
 are.

Tune up daily discords, till out of their jar
 New harmony rises, rejoicing and sweet,
 And onward, in music, go ever your feet.

If you want to be happy, begin where you
 are.

God sets in each sky Heaven's joy-bringing
 star.

Live bravely beneath it, through cloud and
 toward light,
 And under its radiance your path shall be
 bright.

—Priscilla Leonard.

9 I'VE LAID THEM DOWN TODAY

"Well, I am done My nerves were on the
 rack;

I've laid them down today
 It was the last straw broke the camel's back;
 I've laid that down today
 No, I'll not fume, nor fret, nor fuss, nor
 fight;
 I'll walk by faith a bit, and not by sight;
 I think the Universe will work all right'
 I've laid it down today

The dread of sorrows I may have to sup,
 I'll lay that down today
 The circumstance which rubbed me wrong
 way up.

I'll lay that down today
 It will not matter in the age to come,
 Whether I sucked the stone or had the plum,
 But it will make a difference to some,
 If I keep nice, today."

—Fay Inchfawn

10 THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

Just to leave in His dear hand
 Little things,
 All we cannot understand,
 All that stings!
 Just to let Him take the care,
 Sorely pressing,
 Finding all we let Him bear
 Changed to blessing
 This is all and yet the way
 Marked by Him who loves thee best!
 Secret of a happy day,
 Secret of His promised rest.

—Frances Ridley Havergal

11 TALK HAPPINESS

Talk happiness The world is sad enough
 Without your woes No path is wholly
 rough!

Look for the places that are smooth and
 clear,

And speak of those, to rest the weary ear
 Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain,
 Of human discontent, and grief and pain

Talk faith. The world is better off without
 Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt
 If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
 Say so, if not push back upon the shelf
 Of silence, all your thoughts till faith shall
 come;

No one will grieve because your lips are
 dumb.

Talk health The dreary never-changing tale
 Of mortal maladies is worn and stale
 You cannot charm or interest, or please,
 By harping on that minor chord, disease
 Say you are well, or all is well with you,
 And God shall hear your words and make
 them true.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

12 TRUST

Build a little fence of trust
 Just around today
 Fill the space with loving deeds
 And therein stay.
 Look not through the sheltering bars
 Upon tomorrow;
 God will help thee bear whatever comes
 Of joy or sorrow

13 DWELL DEEP

Dwell deep! The little things that chafe and fret,
 O waste not golden hours to give them heed!
 The slight, the thoughtless wrong, do thou forget;
 Be self-forgot in serving others' need;
 Thou, faith in God through love for man,
 shall keep—
 Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep!

14 SAID THE ROBIN TO THE SPARROW

Said the Robin to the Sparrow
 I should really like to know
 Why these anxious human beings
 Rush about and worry so!

Said the Sparrow to the Robin
 Friend, I think that it must be
 That they have no Heavenly Father
 Such as cares for you and me

15 FORGETTING AND REMEMBERING

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us;
 The worrying things that caused our souls to fret,
 The hopes that cherished long were still denied us,
 Let us forget.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious;
 Whate'er of right has triumphed over wrong;
 What love of God or man has rendered precious,
 Let us remember long.

16 THE DEAD SEA

I looked upon a sea,
 And lo, 'twas dead;
 Although by Hermon's snows
 And Jordan fed

Whence came a fate so dire?
 The tale's soon told;
 All that it got, it kept,
 And fast did hold.

All tributary streams
 Here found their grave,
 Because this sea received,
 But never gave

O sea that's dead, teach me
 To know and feel
 That selfish grasp and greed
 My doom will seal.

And, Lord, teach me my best,
 My best to give,
 That I may others bless,
 And, like Thee, live.

17 A TONIC

Take some courage in both hands,
 A brimming cup of kindness;
 Take, for other people's faults,
 A measure-full of blindness
 Take a taste of spicy wit,
 A heaped-up sense of humour;
 Take a goodly pinch of salt,
 For tales of evil rumour
 Sweeten all with charity,
 Mix with wholesome laughter,
 Warm with fires of human love—
 And have no fear hereafter.

—A D. B.

18 DON'T WORRY

Never mind a change of scene,
 Try a change of thinking.
 What if things seem sordid, mean,
 What's the use of blinking?

Life's not always storm and cloud,
 Somewhere stars are shining.
 Try to think your joys out loud,
 Silence all repining.

By degrees, by thinking light,
 Thinking glad and sweetly,
 You'll escape the stress of night,
 Worry gone completely.

All the daytime looking for
 Sunbeams pirouetting;
 Tapping gayly at your door,
 There's a cure for fretting.

19 WALKING SOFTLY

(By Anna Hamilton Wood)

It is so big a thing—and yet so small—
 This walking softly through the crowded
 days
 Wearing the cloak of patience, the warm
 shawl
 Of quiet understanding of life's ways

 This criss-cross pattern on the loom is
 strange
 And intricate to eyes that do not see
 The endless turning of the wheel of change
 Along the highway toward Divinity,

 The endless lifting up and weaving in
 Threads of experience, the cults and
 creeds
 Of creeping centuries, the silken thin
 Fiber of human love for living needs.

 It is so small a thing to say "I wait"
 And yet so big! It means a soul has
 grown
 Into the heart of Truth, and can translate
 The music of time's rolling undertone
 —The Churchman, New York

20 THE DAY'S RESULTS

Is anybody happier because
 You passed his way?
 Does anyone remember that
 You spoke to him today?
 The day is almost over and
 Its toiling-time is through,
 If there anyone to utter now
 A kindly word of you?
 Did you waste the day or use it?
 Was it well or poorly spent?
 Did you leave a trail of kindness
 Or a scar of discontent?
 As you close your eyes in slumber,
 Do you think that God can say
 You have earned one more tomorrow
 By the work you did today

21 TAKE LIFE AS IT COMES

Don't look for the flaws as you go through
 life;
 And even when you find them,
 It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
 And look for the virtues behind them
 For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
 Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
 It is better far to hunt for a star,
 Than the spots on the sun abiding

 The current of life run ever away
 To the bosom of God's great ocean
 Don't set your force 'gainst the river's
 course

And think to alter its motion
 Don't waste a curse on the universe—
 Remember, it lived before you
 Don't butt at a storm with your puny form—
 But bend and let it go o'er you

The world will never adjust itself
 To suit your whims to the letter
 Some things must go wrong your whole life
 long,

And the sooner you know it the better
 It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
 And go under at last in the wrestle
 The wiser man shapes into God's plan
 As the water shapes into the vessel

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

22 A PRAYER FOR COURAGE

God make me brave for Life—
 Oh, braver than this!
 Let me straighten after pain
 As a tree straightens after the rain,
 Shining and lovely again

God make me brave for Life—
 Much braver than this!
 As the blown grass lifts, let me rise
 From sorrow, with quiet eyes,
 Knowing Thy way is wise

God make me brave—Life brings
 Such blinding things
 Help me to keep my sight,
 Help me to see aright
 That out of the dark—comes Light

23 UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
 Yes, to the very end
 Will the day's journey take the whole long
 day?
 From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?
 A roof when the slow dark hours begin
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?
 You cannot miss that inn

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
 Those who have gone before
 Then must I knock, or call when just in
 sight?
 They will not keep you standing at that
 door

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
 Of labor you shall find the sum
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
 Yea, beds for all who come

—Christina Rossetti

24 ON THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

In "pastures green"? Not always, some
times He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be

And by "still waters"? No, not always so,
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I"

So, where He leads me, I can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter I shall know,
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so

25 IN HIS STEPS

"The road is too rough," I said, "dear Lord,
There are stones that hurt me so"
And He said "Dear child, I understand
I walked it long ago"

"But there is a cool, green path," I said,
"Let me walk there for a time"
"No, child," He gently answered me,
"The green road does not climb"

"My burden," I said, "is far too great,
How can I bear it so?"
"My child," said He, "I remember its weight,
I carried My cross, you know"

"But," I said, "I wish there were friends
with me,
Who would make my way their own"
"Ah, yes," He said, "Gethsemane,
Was hard to face alone"

And so I climbed the stony path,
Content at last to know
That where my Master had not gone,
I would not need to go

And strangely, then, I found new friends,
The burden grew less sore,
As I remember, long ago
He went that way before

—Leona Bays Gater

26 LEAN HARD

Child of My love, lean hard,
And let Me feel the pressure of thy care
I know thy burden, child, I shaped it,
Poised it in Mine own hand, made no
proportion

Of its weight to thine own unaided strength
For even as I laid it on, I said
I shall be near, and while she leans on Me
This burden shall be Mine, not hers;
So shall I keep My child within the circling
arms

Of Mine Own love" Here, lay it down, nor
fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds Yet closer come,
Thou art not near enough—
I would embrace thy care.
So I might feel My child reposing on My
breast
Thou lovest Me? I know it, doubt not, then,
But, loving Me, lean hard!

27 WHAT GOD HATH PROMISED

God hath not promised
Skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
All our lives through,
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain
But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love

—Annie Johnson Flint.

28 RECOMPENSE

To keep a tranquil mind through days of
pain,
And have a word of cheer for weary souls
Who daily cross my path, to look ahead
With courage and with faith, to bury deep
The sorrows and the failures of the past,
To see my dear ones carrying the loads
That should be mine and not increase their
weight

By useless fretting, to let hands and brain
Lie idle when the urge and zest of life
Continually challenge all their powers,
To harbor no resentment when the prize
I coveted so much has been bestowed
On some one else because my waning
strength

Could not survive the rigors of the race;
And without bitterness or vain regrets
To stand aside and watch the world go by;
God—if this be my task—then may I find
In doing it, with gladness, my reward
—Adele Hope Kirby.

29 USES OF ADVERSITY

Defeat may serve as well as victory
 To shake the soul and let the glory out.
 When the great oak is straining in the wind,
 The boughs drink in new beauty, and the
 trunk
 Sends down a deeper root on the windward
 side.
 Only the soul that knows the mighty grief
 Can know the mighty rapture
 Sorrows come
 To stretch out spaces in the heart for joy.

30 I THINK THAT GOD IS PROUD

I think that God is proud of those who bear "A
 sorrow bravely Proud indeed of them
 Who walk straight through the dark to find
 Him there.
 And kneel in faith to touch His garment's
 hem
 Oh, proud of them who lift their heads to
 shake
 The tears away from eyes that have grown
 dim;
 Who tighten quivering lips, and turn to take
 The only road they find that leads to Him.
 How proud He must be of them! He who
 knows
 All sorrow, and how hard grief is to bear.
 I think He sees them coming, and He goes
 With outstretched arms and hands to meet
 them there,
 And with a look—a touch on hand or
 head—
 Each finds his hurt heart strangely comforted
 —Grace Noll Crowell.

31 THE WEAVER

My life is but a weaving
 Between my Lord and me,
 I cannot choose the colours
 He worketh steadily
 Oft times He weaveth sorrow,
 And I in foolish pride
 Forget He sees the upper
 And I, the under side.

Not till the loom is silent
 And the shuttles cease to fly,
 Shall God unroll the canvas
 And explain the reason why.
 The dark threads are as needful
 In the weaver's skillful hands
 As the threads of gold and silver
 In the pattern He has planned.

32 GETHSEMANE

There is a way which man hath trod
 For lo, these thronging, countless years;

It is the way of life, of God,
 It is the way of night, of tears,
 It's winding we may not foresee,
 It is the way — Gethsemane

It is the way whereby we know
 Life's larger meanings and its claims,
 The fellowship of human woe,
 Our partnership with others' pains
 It is the way which seems to be
 Life's only way — Gethsemane

—Charles Russell Wakeley

33 TREES

The tree that never had to fight
 For sun and sky, for air and light,
 That stood out on an open plain,
 And always got its share of rain,
 Never became a forest king,
 But lived and died a scrubby thing

The man who never had to toil,
 Who never had to win his share
 Of sun and sky and light and air,
 Never became a manly man,
 But lived and died as he began

Good timber does not grow in ease,
 The stronger the wind, the tougher the
 trees;

The farther sky, the greater length;
 The more the storm, the more the strength
 By sun and cold, by rain and snows,
 In trees or man, good timber grows
 Where thickest stands the forest growth
 Are found the patriarchs of both
 And they hold converse with the stars
 Whose broken branches show the scars
 Of many winds and much of strife—
 This is the common law of life

34 WAIT

If but one message I may leave behind,
 One single word of courage for my kind,
 It would be this: O Brother, Sister, Friend,
 Whatever Life may bring—what God may
 send—

No matter whether clouds lift soon or late—
 Take heart and wait.

Despair may tangle darkly at your feet,
 Your faith be dimmed, and hope, once cool
 and sweet,

Be lost—but suddenly, above a hill,
 A heavenly lamp set on a heavenly sill
 Will shine for you and point the way to go
 How well I know!

For I have waited through the dark, and I
 Have seen a star rise in the blackest sky.
 Repeatedly—it has not failed me yet.
 And I have learned God never will forget
 To light His lamp. If we but wait for it,
 It will be lit.

—Grace Noel Crowell



THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE SUNSHINE CLUB

As this little book is a record of Sunshine Broadcasts from Christ Church, it's only fair that a small corner should be devoted to a young man who broadcasts sunshine at Christ Church Rectory!

George Martin Luxton at five months.

35 GOD'S PITY

God pity all the grave that go
The common way, and wear
No ribboned medals on their breasts,
No laurels in their hair

God pity all the lonely folk
With grief they do not tell,
Women walking in the night,
And men dissembling well

And who but God shall pity them,
Who go so quietly,
And smile upon us when we meet,
And greet us pleasantly.

—Louise Driscoll

36 LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

If you're looking for trouble, then worry
and woe
You'll find in abundance wherever you go,
But should joy and gladness be your daily
quest,
I'm sure you will find them north, south,
east and west

If you're looking for snubs every day of the
week,
I fear you will find what you constantly
seek;
But if you preferred, say, to look for a
smile,
I know you would meet one within the next
mile

If you're looking for enemies, you will soon
see
A sinister menace wherever you be;
But, if for a change, you should look for a
friend,
An early success would your effort attend.

If you're looking for trouble, it's easy to
find,
For it's seeking the people who have it in
mind;
But though troubles come to each life
unaware,
Its stay is but short if contentment is there.

—A B C, in Tit-Bits

37 GUILTY

I never cut my neighbour's throat,
My neighbour's gold I never stole,
I never spoiled his house and land;
But God have mercy on my soul.

For I am haunted night and day
By all the deeds I have not done,
O unattempted Loveliness,
O costly valour never won.
—Marguerite Wilkinson.

38 LIFE'S ILLUSION

He toiled and saved his earnings every day,
But starved his mind, and grasped at
common things,
His prisoned soul ne'er struggled out of clay,
His better nature never found its wings

He hoped to sit with Happiness at last,
Mansioned, sufficient, when he would be
old,
But he was just a graveyard! and the past
Left naught for him but a rude pile of
gold

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

39 BARGAINS

There are no bargains
In the counter sales of Life
We think so, but some unexpected way
We find our purchase
Is a worn and shoddy thing,
So after all, in that "long past"—we
pay

Experience
That comes at prices all too high
Is packed so often in the waste of
tears,
But when unwrapped
It will intrinsic value show,
Its worth will not diminish with the
years

There are no bargains
In the counter sales of Life,
But Time, alone, can teach us how to
choose;
Can show us that
What seemed a loss is really gain,
And where we bought for little—we
shall lose

—Nan Terrell Reed

40 MISUNDERSTANDING

Not understood,
We move along asunder;
Our paths grow wider as the season's creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is Life?—and then we fall asleep,
Not understood

Not understood,
How trifles often change us!
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship, and
estrangle us;
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight;
Not understood.

Not understood,
 We gather false impressions,
 And hug them closer as the years go by,
 Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
 And thus we rise and fall, and live and die—
 Not understood.

Not understood—
 Oh God! if we could see a little clearer,
 Or judge less harshly where we cannot see;
 Oh, God! if we could draw a little nearer
 One another, we'd be nearer Thee,
 And understood

—Thomas Bracken.

41 BE STILL AND KNOW

Be calm and still if you would catch
 The music of the soul;
 If you would know the joy of life,
 And reach your cherished goal

God does not give His secrets
 To minds steeped in life's turmoil,
 For seeds won't grow in shifting sand,
 But in deep fertile soil

42 PRAYER

I asked for bread, God gave a stone instead
 Yet, while I pillowed there my weary head,
 The angels made a ladder of my dreams,
 Which upward to celestial mountains led
 And when I woke beneath the morning's
 beams,
 Around my resting place fresh manna lay;
 And, praising God, I went upon my way
 For I was fed

God answers prayer, sometimes, when hearts
 are weak,
 He gives the very gifts believers seek
 But often faith must learn a deeper rest,
 And trust God's silence when He does not
 speak;
 For He whose name is Love will send the
 best.
 Stars may burn out, nor mountain walls
 endure,
 But God is true, His promises are sure
 For those who seek

43 AWARENESS

God — let me be aware
 Let me not stumble blindly down the ways,
 Just getting somehow safely through the
 days,
 Not even groping for another hand,
 Not even wondering why it all was planned.

Eyes to the ground, unseeking for the light.
 Soul never aching for a wild-winged flight
 Please, keep me eager just to do my share.
 God — let me be aware

God — let me be aware
 Stab my soul fiercely with others' pain,
 Let me walk seeing horror and stain
 Let my hands, groping, find other hands
 Give me the heart that divines, understands.
 Give me the courage, wounded, to fight
 Flood me with knowledge, drench me in
 light

Please, keep me eager just to do my share
 God — let me be aware

—Miriam Teichner

44 THE TWO PRAYERS

Last night my little boy confessed to me
 Some childish wrong,
 And kneeling at my knee
 He prayed with tears
 "Dear God, make me a man,
 Like Daddy—wise and strong;
 I know You can."

Then while he slept
 I knelt beside his bed,
 Confessed my sins,
 And prayed with low bowed head
 "O God, make me a child
 Like my child here—
 Pure, guileless,
 Trusting Thee with faith sincere"

—Andrew Gillies

45 PRAY FOR GOD'S GRACE

Here is a quiet room!
 Pause for a little space,
 And in the deepening gloom
 With hands before thy face
 Pray for God's grace

Let no unholy thought
 Enter thy musing mind,
 Things that the world hath wrought—
 Unclean—untrue—unkind—
 Leave these behind.
 Pray for the strength of God,
 Strength to obey His plan;
 Rise from your knees less clod
 Than when your prayer began.
 More of a man.

—Donald Cox.

46 SOMEONE HAD PRAYED

// The day was long, the burden I had borne /
Seemed heavier than I could longer bear;
And then it lifted—though I did not know,
Someone had knelt in prayer.

Had taken me to God that very hour,
And asked the easing of the load, and He,
In infinite compassion, had stooped down
And taken it from me.

We cannot tell how often as we pray
For some bewildered one, hurt and distressed,
The answer comes—but many times those
hearts

Find sudden peace and rest.

Someone had prayed, and Faith, a reaching
hand,
Took hold of God, and brought Him down
that day!
So many, many hearts have need of prayer—
O, Let us pray!

—Grace Noel Crowell

47 GOOD NIGHT!

"Good-night, sleep well!" we say to those
we love,

And watch dear faces glimmer on the stair,
And hear faint footfalls in the rooms above,
Sound on the quiet air.

Yet feel no fear, though lonely they must go
The road of slumber's strange oblivion:
Dark always wears to dawn,
Sleep is so gentle, and so well we know,
wherever they have gone,

They will be safe until the morning light—
Good-night, good-night!

Good-night, sleep well, beloveds, when the
last

Slow dusk has fallen, and your steps no more
Make music on the empty upper floor,
And day is fully past.

We who so lightly let you go alone,
Evening by evening, from our trustful sight
Into the mystery of sleep's unknown—we
need not fear, tonight,

Death is so gentle—dark will break to dawn
Love will be safe until the morning light.
Sleep well, good-night!

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

48 DEATH IS A DOOR

Death is only an old door
Set in a garden wall.
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk,
When the thrushes call.
Along the lintel are green leaves,
Beyond, the light lies still,
Very willing and weary feet
Go over that still
There is nothing to trouble any heart,
Nothing to hurt at all,
Death is only a quiet door
In an old wall.

—Nancy Byrd Turner

49 REQUEST

All you who love me well, when I am dead
Look on my quiet face that laughed the while
It lived. Restrain your tears, and give
instead

A gentle word, an understanding smile
Oh, if you really love me, do not cry
To see me lying there, my laughter stilled—
Surely you know that I can never die—
I for whom every day is strangely filled
With some sweet happiness. Gather me
flowers

And pile them high for me to come to see—
They will remind my spirit of the hours
Of joy I spent on earth. Think of me free
Of body's pain, and you will find your grief
Changed to an overwhelming sweet relief.

50 DEATH

Death is a dialogue between
The spirit and the dust
"Dissolve," says Death; the spirit, "Sir,
I have another trust"
Death doubts it, argues from the ground
The spirit turns away,
Just laying off, for evidence,
An overcoat of clay.

—Emily Dickinson

51 A WISH

To live in hearts, not monuments of stone.
To live on humble lips that nightly pray,
To be remembered when the soul has flown.
As one who smiled and passed along the
way.

To leave behind not buildings towering high.
Nor stacks of gold I made but couldn't
spend,
To be remembered when I've journeyed by
As one who did his best to be a friend

To come to death without one wish to keep
The precious earthly prizes I have won,
But smiling, sink into eternal sleep
Without regret—at peace with every one.

52 A PRAYER HYMN

Lord of all pots and pans and things; since
 I've no time to be
 A saint by doing lovely things, or watching
 late with Thee,
 Or dreaming in the dawnlight, or storming
 heaven's gates,
 Make me a saint by getting meals, and
 washing up the plates.
 Although I must have Martha's hands, I
 have a Mary mind;
 And when I black the boots and shoes, Thy
 sandals, Lord, I find
 I think of how they trod the earth, what
 time I scrub the floor;
 Accept this meditation, Lord, I haven't time
 for more.
 Warm all the kitchen with Thy love, and
 light it with Thy peace,
 Forgive me all my worrying, and make all
 grumbling cease.
 Thou Who didst love to give men food, in
 room or by the sea,
 Accept this service that I do—I do it unto
 Thee.

53 GOD IN ALL THINGS

I see His blood upon the rose;
 And in the stars the glory of His eyes,
 His body gleams amid eternal snows;
 His tears fall from the skies
 I see His face in every flower,
 The thunder and the singing of the birds
 Are but His voice—and carven by His
 power,
 Rocks are His written words
 All pathways by His feet are worn,
 His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
 His crown of thorns is twined with every
 thorn;
 His cross is every tree

—Joseph Plunkett

54 THAT HOLY THING

They all were looking for a king
 To slay their foes and lift them high;
 Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
 That made a woman cry
 O Son of Man, to right my lot
 Naught but Thy presence can avail;
 Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,
 Nor on the sea Thy sail!

My how or why thou wilt not heed,
 But come down thine own secret stair,
 That thou mayst answer all my need—
 Yea, every bygone prayer

—George MacDonald

55 BRIER

Because, dear Christ, your tender, wounded
 arm,
 Bends back the brier that edges life's long
 way;
 That no hurt comes to heart, to soul no
 harm
 I do not feel the thorns so much today.

Because I never knew your care to tire,
 Your hand to weary, guiding me aright,
 Because you walk before and crush the brier,
 It does not pierce my feet so much tonight.

Because so often you have harkened to
 My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing
 now,
 That these harsh hands of mine add not unto
 The crown of thorns upon your bleeding
 brow.

—Pauline Johnson.

56 LOVE ENTERS

If Love should count you worthy, and should
 deign
 One day to seek your door and be your
 guest,
 Pause e'er you draw the bolt and bid Him
 rest,
 If in your old content you would remain;
 For not alone he enters; in his train
 Are angels of the mist, the lonely guest,
 Dreams of the unfulfilled and unpossessed,
 And sorrow and Life's immemorial pain.

He wakes desires you never may forget,
 He shows you stars you never saw before,
 He makes you share with him for evermore.
 The burden of the world's divine regret.

How wise you were to open not—and yet,
 How poor if you should turn Him from the
 door

—S. R. Lysaght.

57 OUR LITTLE FRIENDS

"I come in the little things," saith the Lord:
 "Yes, on the glancing wings of eager birds,
 The softly pattering feet of furred and
 gentle beasts,

I come to meet your hard and wayward
 heart,
 In bright brown eyes that peek from out the
 brake

I stand confessed
 On every nest where feathery patience is
 content to brood,
 And leaves her pleasure for the high emprise
 of Motherhood,
 There doth my Godhead rest."

—Evelyn Underhill.

58 THE ZEST OF LIFE

Let me but live my life from year to year,
 With forward face and unreluctant soul.
 Not hastening nor turning from the goal;
 Not murmuring for the things that disappear
 In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
 From what the future veils; but with a whole
 And happy heart, that pays its toll
 To youth and age, and travels on with cheer
 So let the way wind up the hill or down,
 Though rough or smooth the journey will
 be joy;
 Still seeking what I sought, but when a boy,
 New friendship, high adventure and a crown,
 I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
 Because the road's last turn will be the best
 —Henry van Dyke

59 JESUS THE CARPENTER

If I could hold within my hand
 The hammer Jesus swung,
 Not all the gold in all the land,
 Nor jewels countless as the sand,
 All in the balance flung,
 Could weigh the value of that thing
 Round which His fingers once did cling.

If I could have the table Christ
 Once made in Nazareth,
 Not all the pearls in all the sea,
 Nor crowns of kings or kings to be
 As long as men have breath,
 Could buy that thing of wood He made—
 The Lord of Lords who learned a trade

Yea, but His hammer still is shown
 By honest hands that toil,
 And round His table men sit down;
 And all are equals, with a crown
 Nor gold nor pearls can soil,
 The shop of Nazareth was bare—
 But brotherhood was built there.
 —Charles N. Sheldon

60 LET ME LIVE

Lord, let me live while I can see
 The beauty in the blossoming tree,
 The message in the wayside flower,
 And love it for its one short hour;
 While morning song of lark and jay
 Can scatter all my doubts away,
 And lift my poor heart from the sod,
 And tell me I am born of God;
 While I can feel I'm linked with all
 The burdened ones who halt and fall,
 While I can feel my share of blame
 In every cheek that's dyed with shame;
 While I can feel life's burdens sweep
 Across my heart and drive out sleep;
 While I can suffer, hunger, strive,
 Lord, let me live—
 For I'm alive.

But if the time should come when I
 Forget to lift my eyes on high,
 Forget to seek for love divine,
 Or seek it but for me and mine;
 When my dim eyes shall fail to trace
 Thy image in each human face,
 When, lulled by comfort, ease and pride,
 I find my soul is satisfied
 To build its house of wood and hay,
 Letting the old world go its way;
 Content to preen before a glass
 Where wounded ones barefooted pass—
 Easing my conscience, if I must,
 By throwing hungry dogs a crust—
 Then, Lord, thy crowning mercy shed
 And let me die—
 For I am dead

Nellie L. McClung
 By kind permission of the Author.

61 IT'S HARD TO BE A CARPENTER

I wonder what He charged for chairs
 At Nazareth.
 And did men try to beat Him down,
 And boast about it in the town,
 "I bought it cheap for a half a crown
 From that mad carpenter?"

And did they promise and not pay,
 Put it off to another day,
 O did they break His heart that way,
 My Lord the Carpenter?

I wonder did He have bad debts,
 And did He know my fears and frets?
 The Gospel writer here forgets
 To tell about the Carpenter

But that's just what I want to know
 Ah! Christ in glory, here below
 Men cheat and lie to one another so
 It's hard to be a carpenter
 —G. A. Studdert Kennedy

62 THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE

To be glad of life because it gives you the
 chance to love and to work and to play and
 to look up at the stars, to be satisfied with
 your possessions but not contented with
 yourself until you have made the best of
 them; to despise nothing in the world except
 falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing
 except cowardice. To be governed by your
 admirations rather than by your disgusts;
 to covet nothing that is your neighbor's
 except his kindness of heart and gentleness
 of manner, to think seldom of your enemies,
 often of your friends, and every day of
 Christ; and to spend as much time as you
 can, with body and with spirit, in God's
 out-of-doors. These are little guide-posts
 on the foot-path to peace
 —Henry van Dyke

63 ISN'T IT STRANGE?

Isn't it strange that princes and kings,
And clowns who caper in sawdust rings,
And common folk like you and me,
Are builders for Eternity?

To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass, and a book of rules,
And each must make, ere life has flown,
A stumbling block or a stepping stone

I went to the throne, with trembling
heart.

The year was done.

"Have you a New Year for me, dear
Master?

I have spoiled this one!"

He took my year, all soiled and blotted
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
Then, into my tired heart he smiled:

"Do better now, my Child!"

64 THE WAY OF LIFE

To guard my health and keep my body fair,
That I may stronger be to do and dare
To keep my mind unsullied, pure and free,
That truth and beauty may abide in me.
To be a friend and prove from day to day
Sincere and kind, at home, at work, at play
To follow ever upward life's high quest,
To find through knowing God, my very best

65 GIVE US GREAT DREAMS

Give us great dreams, O God, while Thou
are giving,

And keep the end; it is enough if we
Live by the hope, nor falter in the living,
That lures us on from dust to dignity

Give us the courage of the soul's high vision,
Though its fulfillment here we never see,
The heart to make and keep the brave
decision,

And faith to leave the ultimate with Thee
—Marie LeNart

66 THE BRIGHT SIDE

Keep smiling tho' the skies are grey,
And look upon the bright side,
But if no bright side you can see,
Then polish up the dark side

67 THE NEW LEAF

He came to my desk with quivering lip.
The lesson was done

"Have you a new leaf for me, dear
Teacher?

I have spoiled this one!"

I took his leaf, all soiled and blotted
And gave him a new one, all unspotted,
Then into his tired heart I smiled

"Do better now, my Child!"

68 EARTH IS ENOUGH

We men of earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise—we have enough!

We need no other stones to build

The stairs into the Unfulfilled—

No other ivory for the doors,

No other marble for the floors,

No other cedar for the beam,

And dome of man's immortal dream.

Here on the paths of every day,

Here on the common, human way,

Is all the busy gods would take

To build a Heaven, to mold and make

New Edens. Ours is the task sublime

To build eternity in time!

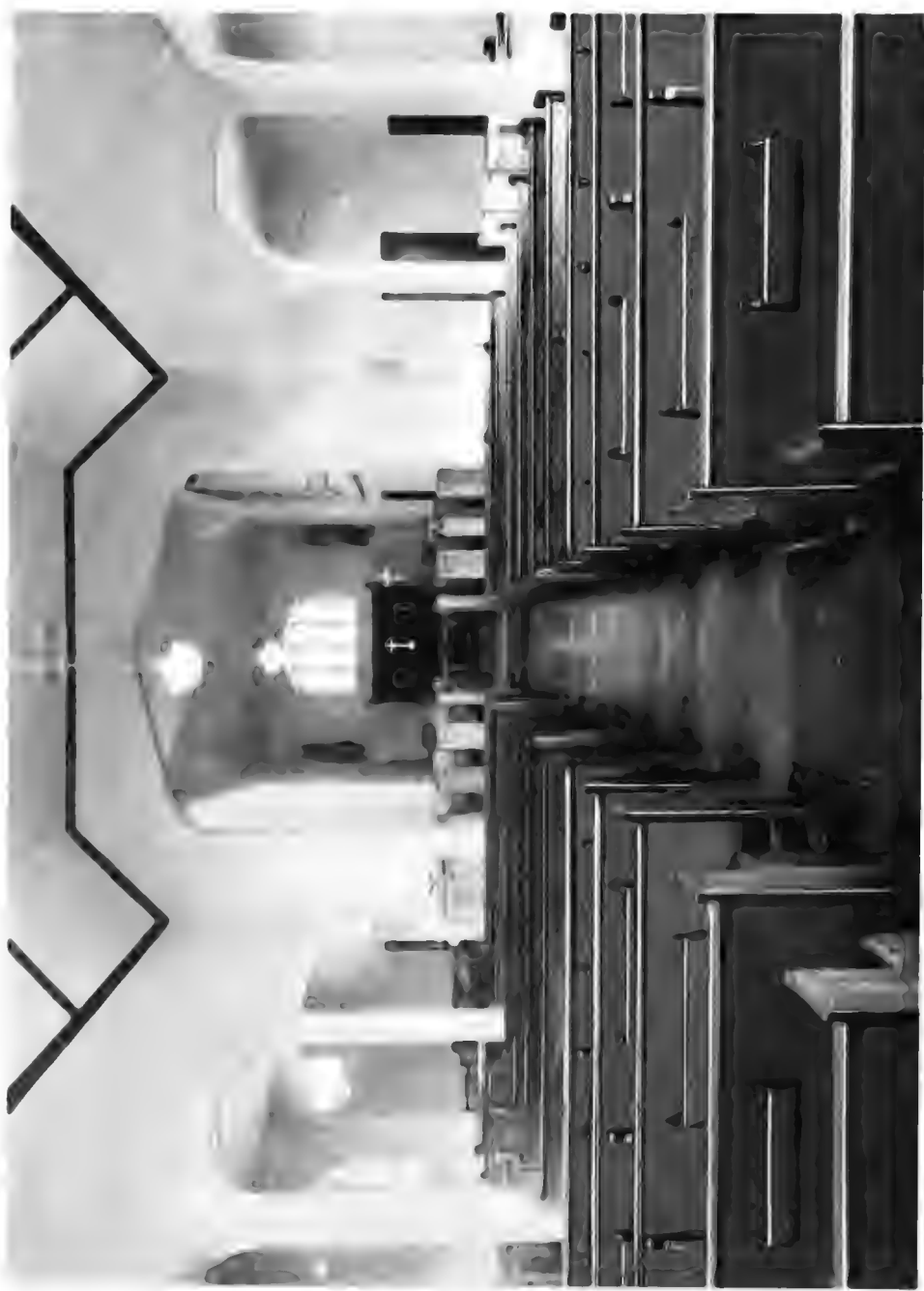
—Edwin Markham.

69 HYMN FOR A HOUSEHOLD

Lord Christ, beneath Thy starry dome
We light this flickering lamp of home.
And where bewildering shadows throng
Uplift our prayer and evensong
Dost thou, with heaven in thy ken
Seek still a dwelling-place with men,
Wandering the world in ceaseless quest?
O Man of Nazareth, be our guest!

Lord Christ, the bird his nest has found,
The fox is sheltered in his ground,
But dost thou still this dark earth tread
And have no place to lay thy head?
Shepherd of mortals, here behold
A little flock, a wayside fold
That wait thy presence to be blest—
O Man of Nazareth, be our guest!

—Daniel Henderson.



CHRIST CHURCH, ELBOW PARK, CALGARY

Where the Broadcasts Originate.

A Quiet Sanctuary

SUNSHINE ENTERS THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF PRAYER

Suggestions For Use

In the **morning**—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
 For a **Right Spirit** throughout the day—Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11
 When you are **worried** about yourself—Nos. 12, 13.
 When **everything** goes wrong—No. 14
 When a **friend hurts** or misjudges you—No. 15.
 When you are feeling very **critical**—Nos. 16, 17.
 When the **world** closes in upon you—Nos. 18, 19, 20, 21.
 When you think harshly of the **Church**—No. 22.
 When the **household work** irritates you—Nos. 23, 24, 25, 26.
 When **gloom** settles upon you—Nos. 27, 28, 29.
 When you are impatient with **the young**—No. 30.
 When the way of life is **clouded**—Nos. 31, 32.
 In the **evening**—Nos. 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39.
 And to read over when prayer seems to be unanswered.
 Introductory paragraphs on the next page.

These prayers have been gathered from many sources, too numerous either to acknowledge properly or indeed to discover accurately. I imagine that no two of them originally saw the light of day under the same cover. The collection represents the most useful and the most beautiful devotional treasures come upon in ten years of continuous search.—EDITOR.

1 A Morning Prayer

Let me today do something that shall take
 A little sadness from the world's vast store,
 And may I be so favoured as to make
 Of joy's too scanty sum a little more
 Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed,
 Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or
 friend;
 Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
 Or sin by silence when I should defend.

However meagre be my worldly wealth,
 Let me give something that shall aid my
 kind—
 A word of courage, or a thought of health,
 Dropped, as I pass, for troubled hearts to
 find
 Let me tonight look back across the span
 "Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience
 say—
 Because of some good act to beast or man—
 "The world is better that I have lived today."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Unanswered Prayer

He asked for strength that he might achieve; he was made weak that he might obey.

He asked for health that he might do greater things; he was given infirmity that he might do better things.

He asked for riches that he might be happy; he was given poverty that he might be wise.

He asked for power that he might have the praise of men; he was given weakness that he might feel the need of God.

He asked for all things that he might enjoy life; he was given Life that he might enjoy all things.

He has received nothing that he asked for, all that he hoped for. His prayer is answered. He is most blest.

2 DAILY CONTACTS

All through this day, O Lord, let me touch as many lives as possible for Thee. And every life I touch do Thou by Thy Holy Spirit quicken, whether through the word I speak, the prayer I breathe, or the life I live in the name of Jesus, Amen

Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry.

Give us to go blithely on our business all this day; bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored; and grant us in the end the gift of sleep

—R L Stevenson.

3 STRENGTH FOR THE DAILY TASK

Thou knowest, O Lord, the duties that lie before me this day, the dangers that may confront me; the sins that most beset me. Guide me, strengthen me; protect me.

6 ENTRY INTO THE PRESENCE

O Lord God, in whom we live and move and have our being, open our eyes that we may behold Thy fatherly presence ever about us. Draw our hearts to Thee with the power of Thy love. Teach us to be anxious for nothing, and when we have done what Thou hast given us to do, help us, O God our Saviour, to leave the issue to Thy wisdom. Take from us all doubt and mistrust. Lift our thoughts up to Thee in heaven, and make us to know that all things are possible to us through Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ

4 FORTITUDE FOR LIFE'S VOCATION

Give me Thy life in such abundance that I may this day hold my soul in Thy pure light. Give me Thy power that I may become a power for righteousness among my fellows. Give me Thy love, that all lesser things may have no attraction for me; that selfishness, impurity, and falseness may drop away as dead desires, holding no meaning for me. Let me find Thy power, Thy love, Thy life, in all mankind, and in the secret places of my own soul. Amen.

7 A PRAYER FOR A PURE HEART

O God of peace, our Father, we come to Thee for refuge from the noise and hurry of the world, and the oppression of selfish thoughts and fears. Deliver us from the sins which hide Thee from men, and give us of Thy peace. And, we pray Thee, grant that the Spirit Who dwelt in Thy son without measure may so dwell in us that we may worship Thee in humility and gladness, and go forth with hearts made cheerful and strong by the knowledge of Thy love through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

5 A MORNING PRAYER

The day returns, and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties

8 A PRAYER FOR THE INDWELLING SPIRIT

Almighty God, who art the only source of health and healing, the spirit of calm and the central peace of the universe; grant to us, Thy children, such a consciousness of Thy indwelling presence as may give us utter confidence in Thee. In all pain and weariness and anxiety may we throw ourselves upon Thy besetting care, that knowing ourselves fenced about by Thy loving omnipotence, we may permit Thee to give us health and strength and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen.

9 THE SPIRIT OF THE CHRISTIAN

Grant to us, Lord, the royalty of inward happiness and the serenity which comes from living close to Thee. Daily renew in us the sense of joy, and let Thy Spirit dwell in our hearts, that we may bear about with us the infection of a good courage, and may meet all life's ills and accidents with gallant and high-hearted happiness, giving Thee thanks always for all things, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

10 A PRAYER OF INNER JOY

Almighty God, grant that I may awake to the joy of this day, finding gladness in all its toil and difficulty, in all its pleasure and success, in all its failure and sorrow, teach me to throw open the windows of my life, that I may look always away from myself and behold the need of the world; give me the will and the strength to bring the gift of Thy gladness to others of Thy children, that with them I may stand to bear the burden and heat of the day and offer Thee the praise of work well done, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

11 THE PRINCE OF PEACE

Heavenly Father, let peace abound in our company. Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and persevere. Offenders ourselves, give us the grace to accept and forgive offenders. Forgetful, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety, and the quiet mind. Through Christ our Master, Amen

12 A PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER

Have mercy, O Lord, on all who are homeless, bereaved and sorrowful, and give them comfort. Have mercy on all who have none to pray for them, and none to succour them. Have mercy on those who have brought punishment and trouble on themselves, and on those who are dear to them. Have mercy on all, and give them this day some token of grace, and some sign of hope, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

13 A PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER, AND FOR A KINDLY SPIRIT

Father, give us grace today not to pass by suffering or joy without eyes to see; give us understanding and sympathy, and guard us from clumsiness, that we may in our hearts be sorry with those who weep and be glad with those who rejoice, especially with those of our own household. Use us, if it be possible, to make happy and strong the hearts of others, and humbly to set forth Thy light which is the Light of the world, through Jesus Christ our Lord

14 THE PRAYER OF THE DISCOURAGED

God of our life, there are days when the burdens we carry chafe our shoulders and weigh us down; when the road seems dreary and endless, the skies grey and threatening, when our lives have no music in them, and our hearts are lonely, and our souls have lost their courage. Flood the path with light, we beseech Thee; turn our eyes to where the skies are full of promise; tune our hearts to brave music; give us the sense of comradeship with heroes and saints of every age, and so quicken our spirits that we may be able to encourage the souls of all who journey with us on the road of life, to Thy honour and glory. Amen.

15 A PRAYER OF COMRADE- SHIP

O God of Love, Father of us all, help us to banish from amongst us all jealousy, suspicion, quarrels and pride; give us the spirit of comradeship and teach us the joy that lies in helping one another; enable us to take a pleasure in the success of others; to be generous of praise and slow to criticise, to frame our actions and thoughts in conformity with those we learn of Him, in whom we all, though many, are called to be one body, even Jesus Christ our Lord.

16 A PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN FAIRNESS

O Jesus, our Master, Who didst show un-failing patience and generosity in Thy judgment of the people round Thee, forgive us the careless criticism and the unkind gossip which cause so much suffering to others; help us to think and speak of everyone with fairness; show us how to find the best in them, and having found it to use it, that we may be perfect, even as our Father in Heaven is perfect. We ask it for Thy sake.

17 THE PRAYER OF A FAULT-FINDER

O God our Heavenly Father, Who dost bless the meek with a rich inheritance, make us less ready to speak ill of our neighbours and to find fault with one another, and less anxious to win the good opinion of men. Keep us, we pray Thee, from bitterness and envy, and teach us to care only to do the thing that pleaseth Thee, so may Thy loving Spirit lead us into the land of righteousness and peace Amen.

18 A THANKSGIVING FOR THE ADVENTURE OF LIFE

Lord of life and death,
We Thank Thee for the great adventure of life,

With its untold possibilities,
Its incalculable chances,
Its mighty opportunities.
We thank Thee that—if we have Thee with us—

There is no monotony or weariness in the world;

But we go on—for ever exploring and adventuring.

We thank Thee that, for those who dwell with Thee,

Each day opens new a continent of vivid experience;

Each day shows new a world to conquer;

For Thy love is new every morning,

And life with Thee is daily born again from its beginning.

19 A THANKSGIVING FOR THE ENTERPRISE OF DEATH

We thank Thee, O our Lord,
For Thy great enterprise of death,
Wherein the tiny barque of our soul,

Having loosed its cables, fares forth gallantly into the night.

Though the waves run dark and fearful,
Though there be neither moon nor star,
Though there be no human knowledge of the farther shore,

Yet shall we fare forth with joy to this the greatest of all adventures

Give unto us, when the time comes for our farewell.

The resolution of Columbus, the courage of John Franklin,

That there may be in us no vain regrets, no faint-hearted repinings;

But a steadfast mind, gazing forth earnestly on its high destiny

Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

20 A PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

O Thou Who Art heroic love, keep alive in our hearts that adventurous spirit which makes men scorn the way of safety, so that Thy will be done For so only, O Lord, shall we be worthy of those courageous souls, who in every age have ventured all in obedience to Thy call, and for whom the trumpets have sounded on the other side; through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen

21 A PRAYER FOR RE-CREATION

O God, the strength of them that labour and the rest of the weary; grant us when we are tired with our work to be recreated by Thy Spirit, that being renewed for the service of Thy Kingdom we may serve Thee gladly in freshness of body and mind; through Jesus Christ our Lord

22 A PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

O Thou, who hadst not where to lay Thy head, awaken Thy Church from all false security and ease, from all weak reliance upon the stability of things in Thy sight unstable, and set it once more upon the pilgrims' road.

If it has been stayed upon mere privilege, forgive If it has made flesh its arm, forgive. If it has had respect of persons rather than love of Thee, forgive. If it has delayed and tarried, when it should have hastened; if through folly or fear it has been slow to believe all that the prophets have spoken; if its heart has grown cold, or its aims unworthy—let that time, O Lord, be passed forever. For surely Thou didst say: "A little while and ye shall see me." Behold us all, so wearied of our blindness, and waiting again the one great gift of sight

23 A PRAYER FOR A HOUSEWIFE

O Heavenly Father, Who doest mercifully remember those who abide at home, as well as those who go out to the world's business, cheer them in monotonous toil, uphold them amid any worries or anxieties that may oppress them; be Thou their companion in all their tasks and give them peace and rest at eventide, through Jesus Christ our Lord

24 DAILY LIFE AMID THE FAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS

O Loving Father, Who has set us in no strange land, but surrounded our life with familiar things and well-known faces, we pray for all those among whom we live, our neighbours and acquaintances as well as those among whom we work, we commit them all to Thy care preserve them and us from all danger of body and soul, pardon all our sins, and grant that we may dwell with Thee now and evermore

25 FOR THOSE WHO LABOUR

O God, whose Son Jesus Christ wrought as a craftsman amongst the sons of men, we ask Thy blessing on all the toiling thousands of our cities. Grant to those who employ them a sense of justice and sympathy, and to those who labour a knowledge of the dignity and worth of their work. Keep us from prejudice of class or education, and help us to bring about a brotherhood of men so that all may work gladly to build a city where poverty is no more, oppression has ceased, competition is fair, and Thou mayest ever be glorified in praise and worship and work, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

26 A PRAYER FOR LABOUR

O Son of God, Who wast pleased Thyself to be reckoned among the craftsmen, bless all those who labour with their hands, that their work may be done for Thy honour and rewarded with Thy approval; and unto such as are laid aside by ill-health or distress do Thou grant the Presence and rest which Thou hast promised unto the weary. For Thy honour and glory for ever and ever Amen.

27 A PRAYER FOR REFRESHMENT

Refresh us, O Blessed Jesu, with Thy presence and Thy power. Quiet our restless spirits. Open to us the Mind of God, that in Thy light we may see light. And crown Thy choice of us to be Thy servants by making us channels of Thy joy and strength, to Thy honour and glory for ever and ever Amen.

28 A PRAYER FOR GOD'S GOOD CHEER

O Lord, renew our spirits and draw our hearts unto Thyself, that our work may not be to us a burden, but a delight; and give us such a mighty love of Thee as may sweeten all our obedience. Let us not serve Thee with the spirit of bondage as slaves, but with the cheerfulness and gladness of children, delighting ourselves in Thee and rejoicing in Thy work. Amen

29 A PRAYER FOR A JOYFUL RELIGION

Almighty God, at whose right hand are pleasures forevermore; we pray Thee to make our religion one of joy and brightness. Dispel from our minds all doubt and gloom, that as Thy redeemed and forgiven children we may evermore rejoice. Grant that day by day our lips may be singing Thy praises, and our hearts be gladdened in holy anticipation of the life that knows no ending; through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen

30 YOUTH AND AGE

O God, Who hast granted unto Youth to see visions, and Age to dream dreams, help both young and old to understand each other. May those who are young be ever courteous to the aged, and never resent the teaching of experience or the restraint of discipline. May those who are older look with sympathy upon new ideas, and control the young with love that encourages, and not with fear that represses, so that all, both young and old, may work together for the founding of Thy Kingdom, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord.

31 THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

O God, Who art the Light of the thoughts that seek Thee, the Strength of the minds that know Thee, the Life of the souls that love Thee Grant us so to seek Thee that we may truly know Thee; so to know Thee that we may truly love Thee, so to love Thee that we may truly serve Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen

32 THE PRAYER OF A SHEPHERD

May every soul that touches mine,—
Be it the slightest contact,—get therefrom
some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One inspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the
gathering mists
To make this life worth-while, and Heaven
a surer heritage

33 AN EVENING PRAYER OF DEDICATION

O Lord most High, let our prayers be set before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of our hands as the evening sacrifice Unite us in faith with Thy whole Church, in hope with Thy saints in heaven, and in love with all who are praying at this hour, and grant by Thy mercies that we may present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto Thee, which is our reasonable service, and by Thy grace be enabled to offer unto Thee the sacrifice of a contrite heart, which Thou, O God, wilt not despise Amen.

34 AN EVENING PRAYER

O Lord our God, Who alone makest us to dwell in safety refresh with quiet sleep, this night, those who are wearied with the labours of the day; and mercifully protect from harm all who put their trust in Thee, that lying down in peace to take our rest, we may fear no evil, but confidently give ourselves into Thy holy keeping, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

35 AN EVENING PRAYER

O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done Then in Thy great mercy grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last; through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen

36 AN EVENING PRAYER

Set my heart free from bitterness, O God, Now it is night.
Free from those unladen ghosts of hurt and pain
That haunt the light,
Forgive my faults and let me fall asleep,
Now day is through,
And in unbroken peace abide this night
Close unto You

37 AN EVENING PRAYER

Speed us, O Lord, on the journey of life and what time the stillness of evening begins to settle on our way and the sunset's glories tell of a more glorious day to come, may we lie down to sleep in Thee, and, sleeping peacefully, awake in the light of the morning that shall have no end. Through Him who is the Light of the World, Jesus Christ our Lord Amen

38 AN EVENING PRAYER

Be present, O Merciful God, and protect us through the silent hours of this night, so that we who are fatigued by the changes and chances of this fleeting world, may repose upon Thy Eternal changelessness, through the Everlasting Christ our Lord Amen

39 AN EVENING PRAYER FOR THOSE IN NEED OF SPECIAL GRACE

O God, who never sleepest and art never weary, have mercy upon those who watch tonight; on those who command, that they may be strengthened with counsel, on the sick, that they may obtain sleep, on the faint-hearted, that they may have hope; on the light-hearted, lest they forget Thee; on the dying, that they may find peace, on the sinful, that they may turn again, and save us, O good Lord. Amen.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

In all cases the numbers refer to the sequence in the individual sections and not to the pages.

SUNSHINE VERSES		Other Windows		Evening Prayer for Those in Need of Special Grace	
Beginning on page 21				Evening Prayers 34, 35, 36 37	
	No				
Adversity, Uses of	29	Prayer	20	Fortitude for Life's Vocation	4
Awareness	76	Prayer for Courage	22	Fairness	16
		Prayer for God's Grace	45	Fault-Finder	17
		Prayer Hymn	52		
Bargains	39	Radio Prayer	1		
Be Still and Know	16	Recompense	28	God's Good Cheer	28
Brier	55	Request	47		
Bright Side	54			Housewife	23
Carpenter, It's Hard to be	16	Said the Robin	14		
Celestial Surgeon	7	Secret of a Happy Day	10	Indwelling Spirit	8
		Someone Had Prayed	46	Inner Joy	10
		Starting Point	8		
Day's Result	20	Take Life as it Comes	21	Joy	10
Dead Sea	16	Talk Happiness	11	Joyful Religion	29
Death	50	That Holy Thing	54		
Death is a Door	48	Those We Love	2	Kindly Spirit	13
Don't Worry	15	Tonic	17		
Dwell Deep	13	Trees	33	Life's Adventure	18
		Trust	12	Labour	25 26
Earth is Enough	68	Twentythird Psalm	21	Light of the World	31
		Two Prayers	52		
Footpath to Peace	62			Morning Prayer, E. W. Wilcox,	33
Forgetting and Remembering	15	Walking Softly	19	Morning Prayer, R. L. Steven- son	5
Friendship	6	Wait	34		
Friendship Street	3	Way of Life	61	Purity of Heart	7
Friends, Our Little	57	Weaver, The	31	Peace	11
		Wish	51		
Gethsemane	32			Re-creation	21
God in All Things	53	Uphill	23	Refreshment	27
God Hath Promised	27			Religion of Joy	29
God is Proud	30				
God's Pity	35	Zest of Life	58		
Good Night	47			Strength for Daily Task	2
Great Dreams	65			Spirit of the Christian	9
Guilt	37			Suffering	12 13
				Spirit of Kindness	13
				Spirit of Adventure	20
				Shepherd's Prayer	32
				Special Grace, Those in Need of	39
				Those Who Suffer	12 13
				Thanksgiving for Adventure of Life	18
				Thanksgiving for Enterprise of Death	19
				Those Who Labour	25 26
				Unanswered Prayer	page 34
				Vocation of Life, Fortitude for	3
				Youth and Age	30

THE SUNSHINE CLUB

A RADIO SOCIETY OF GOOD CHEER

THIS CARD OF MEMBERSHIP IS PRESENTED TO

with the request that the club ideals be made part of the plan of _____ of _____ daily life.

THE FOURFOLD AIM OF THE SUNSHINE CLUB

1. **Co-operation.** To work with the Great Health-giver in His plan of Good Health for me; to co-operate with all who serve Him in the Ministry of Healing.
2. **Elevation.** To lay hold on all happy, hopeful, trustful thoughts; to lift my life to a new level of Sunshine.
3. **Progression.** To make the most of my leisure, enforced or chosen; to search each day for mental and spiritual nourishment that I may grow in my "Inner Stature."
4. **Intercession.** To remember in my prayers all sick folk, especially those known to me, and also those who labor to relieve suffering in sick room, hospital or laboratory

Date of membership _____

Signed _____
Rector, Christ Church, Calgary and Hon. Director
of the Sunshine Hour

The SUNSHINE CLUB is a radio family gathered together by the Sunshine Hour Broadcast, an Hour of Encouragement and Good Cheer for all people, coming to you by courtesy of C.F.A.C., (Broadcasting Station of the Calgary Herald) from Christ Church, Calgary, Alberta.

Fascimile of Membership Card of the Sunshine Club.

